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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

A minority vote of 105 was scraped together to oppose the first reading of the Service Bill on Thursday. Thus ends the first or Parliamentary act of the piece. The most notable speech of the debate fell on the second day. It was delivered by Colonel John Ward, the sincerity and urgency of whose feeling atoned for the shy appearance in his argument of the "nobody wants it" formula. The passage wherein he dealt with the true value of the Labour Congress—a congress from whose counsels a third or half of the fighting trade unionists of the country were excluded—had great point and value.

Mr. Asquith confined himself within strict limits in introducing the Bill on Wednesday. He described the Bill briefly, explained why it was due from him, and, in an epilogue, gave "the voluntary principle" a month of grace by showing that men could still enlist "of their own free will" before the Bill actually was law. His exposition was clear—mainly a recital of exemptions. Ministers of religion, men already rejected, men who have dependents or conscientious objections, men who are unfit or live in Ireland—these, even though they are single, are not to come within this "very limited and guarded compulsion".

Sir John Simon takes too much to heart the killing of the Voluntary System. He spoke of the incident in his mourning oration on Wednesday, as though it were a tragedy in the Front Trench, instead of being only a farce on the Front Bench. Sir John Simon, who is only a little over forty, and has all the world before him, should take comfort. He should remember Mr. Churchill, who is about the same age, and who soon saw a brave way to cure the doldrums.

After Sir John Simon had explained his resignation, Mr. Bonar Law made the speech of the day—a speech of some value, since it clearly pointed at the want of

thought and principle involved in consenting to the Derby scheme and yet refusing to consent to the new Bill. The Derby scheme was a scheme of conditional compulsion. It succeeded by a threat; and it is difficult to understand how those who consented to use the threat can conscientiously and intelligently object to putting the threat into execution. The time for conscientious voluntarists to leave the Cabinet was when first the threat of compulsion was used to bring in recruits.

General Seely came into this debate from Flanders with a mind fortified and improved by his experiences as a soldier. He made one excellent contribution to the question, a contribution which stood out prominently among the repeated commonplaces of the debate. Why is the compelled citizen often the most ardent of volunteers? Why does the member of a "conscript" nation feel disgraced and disappointed when he is not taken into the Army? This point in General Seely's speech is worth turning to and studying closely.

Mr. Balfour wound up the debate on Thursday in a speech which pried unkindly into Sir John Simon's tender conscience. The speech was full of keen pure reason, well expressed; but it started from the amazing premiss that 6,000,000 men had spontaneously arisen to fight for their country. Mr. Balfour showed an admirable skill in reconciling this false start with many precise and enjoyable thrusts at some rather well-worn illusions.

No Minister is likely to be exactly clamant over the credit of forcing forward the Bill: that was really done in the most innocent-astute or astute-innocent manner imaginable by "Our most ingenious Darbie". But Lord Curzon from the day he entered the Cabinet till now has not wavered or wobbled for a moment over the question. He has combined this firm attitude with unswerving loyalty to his colleagues. We notice that one or two Anti-"Conscrip-

tionist" newspapers—perceiving that the game is up and that they must be swept along with the crowd now, unless they decide to stand and perish—are pretending that Mr. Lloyd George is the real instigator and despot of the Bill. They would snatch any little crumb of Radical comfort they can! It is, of course, a miserable whimpering falsehood. Mr. George openly opposed compulsion, on principle and on expediency, till the momentum became irresistible. Let no one deceive himself for a moment in this matter.

The figures in Lord Derby's report are full of interest. On 23 October an appeal was made to 5,011,441 men, asking them to help in the war by offering themselves for attestation under the group system. The canvass went on to 15 December, yet no fewer than 2,182,178 declined to be influenced. And there is nothing to choose here between the bachelors and the Benedicks: about the same percentage of each refused to come forward. The gross residue of single men is 1,029,231, and of married men 1,152,947; as for the net residue of unstarred single men, it is 651,160. And it is said officially that without Mr. Asquith's pledge there would have been serious danger that the whole recruiting campaign would have been a complete failure. A threat of compulsive legislation was used as a sort of pneumatic sweeper to draw single men into the group system; while a coaxing pledge was given to the married men—a promise to free them from their attestation if the unmarried hung back in large numbers, and if Parliament declined to carry out the Prime Minister's vow. These were the determining factors in Lord Derby's great campaign.

The Bill is accepted by Parliament; and everyone is asking how the next step will be made. The Parliamentary business has been recognised from the first as a prelude to a settlement with Labour. Will this mean a settlement also with the country? The House of Lords was busy on Thursday getting through with the Parliament Act Amendment Bill, designed to stave off an election. They expressed the temper of the country in their agreement that an election at this time would be disastrous. There is no necessity for any such thing, unless the labour machine imposes a deadlock upon the progress of a necessary measure.

Trade Unionism and the House of Commons are at last openly at war. The Conference, by a majority approximating two to one on a card vote, have condemned the Military Service Bill, and ordered the Labour Members of Parliament to oppose it in the House. This means that a vast number of trade unionists throughout the country are in revolt against a compulsion ordered by Parliament. The second stage of the battle has yet to begin. Is the Government prepared to enforce the Bill against whatever co-ordinated opposition may be brought against its purpose by trade unionist hostility? Is the nation to obey Labour or is Labour to obey and serve the nation and the war? Meantime the Labour members of the Government—Mr. Henderson, Mr. Brace and Mr. Roberts—have resigned their offices in order that they may be free to support Mr. Asquith as independent men. Had they decided to represent in the Government the minority of the Conference and the workmen now in the Army they would have been no less true to their democratic principles.

The proof-spirit of Labour has yet to be diluted with patriotic good sense. It is so much concerned with the after-the-war period that it loses touch with the discipline which alone can supply munitions and men. On Sunday evening the Press Bureau issued an official report of the deputation from the Amalgamated Society of Engineers to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. It is a fairly full report, and it is amazing.

The deputation called on the Prime Minister to talk about the Munitions Amending Act and to say upon what terms the men of their society would do the work

essential to the defeat of Germany. Mr. Asquith told the deputation that in March last an agreement had been made with the society concerning the dilution of labour, but that trade union customs and rules had been set aside most sparingly. In other words, the agreement had not been kept. And note this passage in Mr. Asquith's speech: "The men have a fear—one which is, perhaps, not altogether unnatural—that when the war comes to an end the re-establishment of the old conditions will be impossible and that all these elaborate safeguards which have been built up by generation after generation of trade unions for the protection of their members will be found to be undermined. I think this is really what is at the bottom of it, is it not?" "Yes", said Mr. Brownlie.

This talk is offered us in the middle of a war which has overstrained Europe for seventeen months! How would Lincoln or Cromwell have dealt with such a deputation? Is the Empire fighting to save itself from destruction or merely to give British Labour months and years in which to strike better bargains? What guarantee is there at present that the new bargain just arranged will fare any better than the agreement made last March? One thing is certain: This difficulty should be advertised with full details by the Government, so that the whole problem in all its bearings may be known to our soldiers, sailors and civilians. Let labour feel the pressure of disciplined national opinion. No trade unionist in the Services will forgive niggardly work at home.

In the Munitions debate on Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George made progress with his amending Bill. That is the main point. We need not tread with him again his regular pilgrimage to Canossa, where Labour perpetually awaits him, insistent, enthroned. One result of his pilgrimage to the Clyde is to be noted. He has apparently discovered another "small minority", this time a minority of organised syndicalists, on which to shift all offences against the Act. This minority seem certainly to deserve all that Mr. Lloyd George suggests in their disfavour and to merit none of the excuses he rather inconsistently finds for them. Perhaps we may hope that now the Munitions Act has reached a new chapter in its career there will, for a time, be peace and good work upon the Clyde.

The attempt made by a few spiteful and beaten Anti-"Conscriptionists" in the House of Commons to spread the idea that Lord Milner is German is about the deepest depth of folly even these time-wasters have descended to. Lord Milner is a great and vigorous Englishman who has done splendid services to the Empire in Egypt, in Africa, and in England. Lord Milner and Lord Curzon have been perhaps our greatest modern pro-consuls of Empire.

This week there is but little military news to record. Kut was heavily shelled again on the 2nd, and rumours from Constantinople are as boastful as ever, declaring that the communications of General Townshend's army have been cut. The situation at Salonica seems to be what it was a week ago; and in France and Flanders the daily drama has been a repetition of destructive bombardments and of busy, unflinching valour. To-day we know officially that the British fighting on the Western line from 25 September to 8 October—in what may be called the Battle of the Loos neighbourhood—produced 59,666 casualties. Officers and men killed, 11,118; wounded, 39,383; missing, 9,165. Among the officers the total losses were 2,378, and among other ranks 57,288. In these figures all the British forces are included, and not merely our home armies.

Russia continues to do well in her Bukovina campaign, making steady progress hard by the Rumanian frontier. There are rumours that the Austrians have retreated from Czernowitz, and that the Russians have occupied this town. At any moment these rumours may be confirmed. But Russian military experts ask



their Allies not to be too sanguine, because the enemy's lines are very strong.

Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch, relating the history of Anzac and Suvla Bay, is exceedingly long and intricate. It is a critical document, and points very clearly to the reasons of failure. As far back as 15 August, when the British public expected to receive good news from the Dardanelles, Sir Ian telegraphed for large reinforcements, because his British divisions alone were 45,000 under establishment. He was told that the essential drafts, reinforcements, and munitions could not be sent. Sir Ian had to work with insufficient force, and there was "a lack of clear leadership" among the generals. After the Suvla Bay miscarriage General Sir Frederick Stopford was recalled.

Many of the critics of the Government as to its policy with regard to contraband and neutral trading would do well to pin up conspicuously in their libraries a copy of the official statement issued on Wednesday by the Foreign Office. This statement puts with absolute clearness and precision the commonplaces of the problem—commonplaces ignored by the sanguine M.P.'s who call from time to time for a complete starvation of Germany. Exports can be, and are, virtually prohibited. Imports bring in the neutral traders, and there the difficulties come in. Here the system of agreement and rations has smoothed out many almost insuperable difficulties, as the results published by the Foreign Office bear a ready witness.

"Some things", runs the conclusion of this report, "are clear. It has already been shown that the export trade of Germany has been substantially destroyed. With regard to imports, it is believed that some of the most important, such as cotton, wool, and rubber, have for many months been excluded from Germany. Others, like fats and oils and dairy produce, can only be obtained there, if at all, at famine prices. All accounts, public and private, which reach His Majesty's Government agree in stating that there is considerable discontent amongst sections of the German population, and there appear to have been food riots in some of the larger towns. That our blockade prevents any commodities from reaching Germany is not, and, under the geographical circumstances, cannot be true. But it is already successful to a degree which good judges, both here and in Germany, thought absolutely impossible, and its efficiency is growing day by day. It is right to add that these results have been obtained without any serious friction with any neutral Government."

Germany has added the "Persia" to the "Lusitania". Some newspapers have tried to be astonished over this repetition of German methods; but the sensible public understand Germans as Indians do tigers. Always to be astounded when Germany acts in accordance with her nature is to lose dignity and to waste time. Every person on board the "Persia" knew that their boat would be sunk if an enemy submarine got a chance of sinking her. They had learnt this fact from the fate of the "Arabic", the "Ancona", the "Ville de Ciotat", and other vessels. Besides, Germany's present barbarism in the Mediterranean has two aims: the cutting of our communications with the Near East and with the Suez Canal; next, revenge for the defeat of her submarine policy in our home waters.

The "Persia" outrage, followed so closely by the sinking of the "Glengyle", caused President Wilson to return at once to Washington from Virginia Hot-springs. Among the passengers on the "Persia" was the American Consul-Designate at Aden. What the United States may do in this new drama is their own affair.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu is not so soon drowned as some of his friends thought. He has a way of bobbing up again, and his wonderful escape is a piece of uncommonly good news. It must have been parti-

cularly welcome to X, who for the "Times" last Tuesday dictated a moving and generous article. But why, it might be asked, X?—why X, any more than A?

A White Paper issued on Tuesday made the British public familiar with the "Baralong" case, which for some time has been known in a German version to neutrals. In August last retribution overtook a German submarine a few hours after the sinking of the "Arabic", and when the submarine was in the act of shelling another British steamer. Thereupon a memorandum from the German Government was transmitted through Washington and the United States Ambassador in London to our own Government; and in this document the commander of His Majesty's auxiliary cruiser "Baralong" was accused of murdering the crew of a German submarine. Six witnesses, all citizens of the United States, supported the German case; and their sworn evidence is given in the memorandum. Germany demands that the officers on board the "Baralong" shall be brought to trial for murder and duly punished.

Sir Edward Grey's answer, written on 14 December, has a fine irony. He notes with satisfaction and surprise that Germany is anxious to see the principles of civilised warfare vindicated, and that due punishment should fall on those who deliberately disregard them. Will Germany permit some of her naval deeds to be tried before an impartial court of investigation, such as a tribunal composed of officers belonging to the United States Navy? If so, then His Majesty's Government will send the case of the "Baralong" to the same Court, and would do all in their power to advance the inquiry. As for the charge of inhumanity against the British Navy, no fewer than 1,150 German sailors have been rescued from death by British seamen, often in circumstances of great peril; and no such record can be shown by the German Navy—"perhaps through want of opportunity".

Sir Robert Borden's New Year's message to the Canadian people has in it the Tyrtæan note. It says that the oversea forces are to be raised from 250,000 to half a million. So the small population of Canada intends to meet Germany with an army about equal to the Expeditionary Force that Lord Roberts wanted to get from the British Isles!

Somebody once asked Major Rasch, M.P., "what sort of fellow really is Beresford?" Rasch replied: "A good fellow—for a Lord". The proviso will not be deemed necessary by most people, and it was only playfully put in by Major Rasch. Lord Charles Beresford will add great English qualities to the House of Lords. He has done, as the "Morning Post" well reminded the country, splendid work for the Navy, and so for the nation. The other new peerages—at any rate, the political ones—do not much warm one.

Tommaso Salvini died in Florence on 31 December at five o'clock in the afternoon, and on the eve of his eighty-seventh birthday. His first visit to London took place in 1863, but he did not act then: he was too amazed by the rents of our theatres. In 1875 he played thrice a week at Drury Lane, and repeated the success which he had won in America and in his own country. That his Othello would be liked to-day is doubtful, for Salvini was tearful without being pathetic, and his style was excessively decorative. But he had a fine presence and a noble voice. Perhaps the best description of his work was written by George Henry Lewes.

The articles appearing as "Letters from Mars" in the "Pall Mall Gazette" are the work of a master in war. We confess we prefer articles on strategy and tactics written by soldiers who have fought and commanded in many a campaign. What is needed for this particular work is not so much the facile journalistic pen, but the grim expert: a Vieille Moustache, for instance.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE LITTLE BILL.

THE obligatory military service measure for which the SATURDAY REVIEW began to ask rather more than fourteen months ago—when it first became clear that true voluntary service was dying out—has been brought in; and, after the usual sort of parliamentary debate—which often interests one in times of peace, when there are no Front Trenches to eclipse in importance the Front Benches—it has been laid on the table.

Now that the Bill, such as it is, has been at last brought in, we should like to apologise to our readers—soldiers and civilians alike—for having in the past inflicted them almost past bearing with the subject. Iteration is a horrible form of torture: it is the rack and thumbscrew combined of the intellect—and we have certainly put our readers, at times, on that rack with a vengeance. But if only the Press had started iteration, and some of the statesmen had started iteration, not last autumn, but the autumn before (1914), when common sense (to say nothing of foresight), assured one that this war would not conceivably be won on milk-and-water voluntarism! How much sooner, then, would the need to iterate have ceased, how much sooner would the Bill have been tabled! In the debate of Wednesday and Thursday, which one has read with an impaired interest, the Anti-“Conscriptionists” trotted out once more their favourite gee-gee, Lord Northcliffe and the “Times”. Lord Northcliffe and the “Times”—or the “Harmsworth Press”—they swore, were at the root of all the evil. It was *their* diabolic invention, *their* Bill: and so on. Well, the “Times” has certainly iterated—and iterated with much skill, it must be said: and yet we cannot help thinking that if those Anti-“Conscriptionist” M.P.’s will wait on Lord Northcliffe and ask him whether the wicked thing is all his own, or whether he can name any other printed source from which his inspiration of evil in some degree sprang, he will tell them that the wicked thing in question started in two articles in the “Daily Mail” in March 1915; and that the whole of those articles, the whole of the arguments for obligatory service *during the war*—or compulsion, “Conscription”, or whatever you choose to call it—were based on the long series of articles, notes, and what not, printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW from the start of November 1914 to March 1915. Such was the genesis, the printed genesis, of the campaign which has distressed Mr. Whitehouse, M.P., and his friends in the House of Commons so greatly. In short, the discredit for starting the wicked campaign—and for the abominable iteration which this starting necessitated—must, we fear, be put to the account of the SATURDAY REVIEW. As a mixer of metaphors has lately expressed it to us, “You taught the Northcliffe cat how to eat the Voluntarist canary”.

The Bill is a small Bill, but it is a start. It means well. Despite the cautious phrases and arguments of the Prime Minister about its being adopted as “an expedient”, not as “a principle”, and so forth, it does, beyond the shadow of a doubt, tell all the world that henceforth it will be the bounden, the State enforced duty of young men of fit bodies and fit ages to defend their country—and to defend their country they must sometimes fight for it abroad. It tells this outright to Bachelor: it gives a tremendously significant warning to Benedick. This Bill will break the hard hearts of out-and-out Anti-“Conscriptionists”, and the curved spines of those Radicals and their printing presses who, like Byron’s Donna Julia, vowing they will ne’er consent, have already consented.

It will also bring a large number of loose fishes throughout the country under that admirable and cheap doctor, the drill sergeant, and he will help to cure them of their ailments: he will bring them smartly to attention and put them in the way of right and left turning and of quick marching. It will do them a world of good. These things are good things, and therefore we feel, whilst running through them, in a better temper somewhat than last week, when we dwelt only on the manifest defects and shortcomings of the Prime Minister’s plan. The Bill is quite a decent little Bill. In short, we will give a toast: we will pledge the measure, not in a bumper—for bumpers must not be thought of now—but in just a modest sip, such as, we feel sure, our friend the Dean of Durham will allow. And we shall not drink to it—as twenty-two years ago we saw Lord Salisbury drinking to the Home Rule Bill—in water.

Good wishes are not idle where even this modest little Bill is concerned. There is rough progress ahead. The Labour Congress has challenged the Bill, and pulled the consenting Labour Ministers out of the Government. Parliamentary approval is the prelude to rather more serious dealings between Parliament and the Trade Unions. For this reason we fasten on the speech of Colonel John Ward as the most important speech of the debate. Colonel Ward struck at the root of the authority of the Labour Congress to speak for working men. A third to a half of these working men are in the trenches to-day; and these would be with Mr. Henderson in his resolution to support the Bill. There will be extremely little sympathy in the trenches with the trade unionists at home who dread the whole idea of discipline. The men in the trenches have straightened out their minds, and got loose from the machine. They are thinking only of beating Germany, and they have been learning a distaste for card-votes and federations. Unhappily these men cannot at present make their feelings known; and there is trouble to come. The whole question of Labour versus the public need is going to arise in a shorter and sharper fashion than ever before. Here, again, is the value of even this little Bill established. It is not a clear Bill, but it will be an extremely clarifying Bill.

## THE MUNITIONS MACHINE.

IT is easy—as many, it seems, have found—to be sentimental over the Minister of Munitions. He is seen this week fighting the Parliamentary Rump for essential amendments to his Bill, set upon by a crowd of his former parasites, and faced, when and where he least expected it, by the stale bread he cast in happier days upon the demagogic waters. One feels that he certainly towers above, say, Mr. Pringle or Mr. Hogge; and that at least he can claim the support of every loyal person in the country when it is a question of meeting that “small minority” on the Clyde, organised for the express purpose of resisting and weakening his Department. Mr. Lloyd George’s present plight distinctly appeals for mercy. One naturally dislikes to tell a man who is wrestling with an enormous task—who is obviously at his wits’ end, but none the less affecting to put a good face upon it—that the muddle is mainly of his own making. Added to this, Mr. Lloyd George has a way, disarming enough when it is not too often repeated, of being converted late in the day to the opinions of his critics, and of tacitly confessing his old errors in the profession of a new faith. He told the House of Commons on Tuesday, for example, that “in countries where there is complete military conscription no Munitions Ministry is necessary”, and that he could see no other way of dealing with Labour than the way of his own Bill “unless you put everybody under the same sort of military discipline”.



Reading things so incontrovertible, one is tempted in the flush of at last finding a Minister going straight at the root of his problem to overlook the fact that Mr. George's wisdom is as usual after the event, and that the foresight which twelve months ago might have saved the position is now no more than an afterthought.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible as a matter of public policy to indulge in a natural impulse to be kind. Tenderness for a struggling man would here be misplaced. It is true that to the eye of the close observer of our progress the waters of munitions have often been seen almost visibly closing above the head of Mr. Lloyd George, and that Mr. Lloyd George himself knows that his Munitions Act has failed and failed again. But the Minister of Munitions has newspaper friends and a party, which he has never attempted to discourage or suppress, which hail him as a Saviour of Society after Dr. Mommson. Mr. George's conversions and repentances, moreover, though they are a credit to his sanguine temperament, and might be forgiven and even applauded in a less responsible position, are not fitting or desirable in the high administration of a big war. They must not be allowed to disarm criticism. They are rather an argument for looking closely into Mr. George's qualities. There is grave peril for the country in the legend of Mr. Lloyd George's Napoleonic gifts for leadership and organisation. There is not a particle of evidence for these exceptional gifts in anything Mr. Lloyd George has done since the war broke out, nor any ground for supposing any deep personal conversion. The Minister of Munitions is still the quick and ecstatic politician who spoke at Limehouse and rushed the country into a scheme of State insurance.

The Munitions Act, indeed, is a typical enterprise from start to finish of the bustling and effective figure who dominated the late Radical Cabinet and its policies from 1910 to the outbreak of war. It was a huge and cumbrous weapon snatched at to deal with the problems of a particular moment without any really deep consideration of its suitability or effectiveness. The Munitions Act has failed in almost every particular. It set out to "compel" the workpeople, and here it failed so conspicuously that it seemed as though history had set the stage especially to that end. In all its details it has had to be botched and mended, and even the mending has had to be done from day to day in accordance with the latest rumours from affected areas. There has never been so vast an illustration of hand to mouth. The Minister of Munitions has never been master of his Act. He has been driven and buffeted from clause to clause till his Act is less a legislative measure than the minutes of his diverse closetings with conferences, confederations and delegates. The same method has been taken—with the worst results—which was taken with the insurance scheme. "Here is a sort of Act", runs the formula of this accessible and genial lawgiver. "It is, of course, only an Act in the rough, and I attach no pedantic importance to any particular principle or clause. I simply want to see how the thing will work; and to receive suggestions from everyone. Then we can have amending and re-amending Bills till everyone is satisfied".

That is not the spirit in which sound, warlike legislation is put together. A Bill which is thrown to a number of interested parties in this way is almost bound to end in general offence and rebellion. The task of remedying and compromising differences in such a case is interminable and hopeless. Matters of dispute multiply like the heads of Hydra. Everyone scrambles for concessions; nobody recognises the extreme necessity of obedience. Mr. Lloyd George is the adroitest of persuaders, but he has to do his work afresh every time there is an objection to a subsection of his Bill. Meantime temper rises and insubordination thrives. The persuader loses hope, publicly desponds, and begins tardily to see that the neglect of principle and a clean driving purpose exacts sooner or later its penalty. The Minister of Munitions should have laid down a just and general principle at the start,

and shown himself ready to assert it and politically perish in its defence. All classes would have rallied to his Act under the general pressure. But Mr. Lloyd George has tried the impossible method of conferring with everyone, taking advice from everyone, and putting into his Act a little bit of everything.

The result has been seen in the late Christmas tour and the debate this week in the House. Mr. Lloyd George started in the War Ministry as the most popular political figure in the country. He has lost a great deal of that popularity from his failure to strike at the root of the problem he accepted and by riding off furiously upon side issues. Instead of starting boldly from the idea of general obligatory service, the sole lever, as he now sees, whereby to raise the problem of munitions out of its trade union and competitive rut, he recognised everybody's grievances and claims, thereby accepting the idea of private interest as his ruling postulate. Then, when he began to see failure, he put away the truth as to its origin, ascribed it to the drink, or to a "small minority" of the workpeople, or to an organised group of "syndicalists". But the drink has been disposed of and the "small minority" has so often changed its character, size, and precise habitat that the Minister of Munitions is at last driven to face his initial error of principle. As a chapter in political education this is an interesting record, but the country cannot afford to educate Cabinet Ministers at the expense of its efficiency and strength for war. Mr. Lloyd George, moreover, has a way of repeating his old errors in a new shape. His eager and dashing temperament is incurable, and it is not the temperament of a leader.

The munitions difficulties on the Clyde have been partly soothed away, and the latest amendments to the Munitions Act will doubtless have some effect. Still more will the position be affected by the settlement of the recruiting question. Meantime the huge munitions machine, despite uncertain driving and immense waste of power, has got going to some purpose, and it must needs gather momentum. The early months of 1916 will secure an output of war material from our shops out of all relation with the output of the previous spring. We are gradually getting all our available resources into the work. One would like to think that the immensity of this output was due to the quality of the Munitions Act and the immense energy and resourcefulness of its Minister. But this is clearly impossible. The best that we can hope of the Ministry of Munitions in the coming year is that it will avoid clogging the huge machine over which it has been set in charge, and will continue, somehow, to keep it working within a measurable distance of full pressure.

#### THE "DOWN GLASSES" CAMPAIGN AND ITS DEFEAT.

**M**ONTH after month an effort has been made by febrile persons, not only to hustle the nation into teetotalism, but to make both the use and the abuse of liquor grave offences against social purity. Many of these persons declare that an Act of Parliament should forbid the sale of alcoholic drinks, and should punish temperance as well as drunkenness. Such an Act would be received with resentment, ridicule, and open rebellion by every class in the country.

The "Down Glasses" campaign is "run" by rival parties. Legal compulsion is the ideal of one party, while the other thinks that despotism should do its work pretending to be voluntarism. "Let us drive this public into our noble beliefs!" its members cry vaingloriously.

Both parties are in deadly earnest; both deal in profuse whims and superlatives; both imagine that they embody all the highest virtues to be found in the British Isles. And their lack of humour is often exceedingly comic. A bishop has suggested, for instance, that all the inhabitants of our fortunate islands, after taking the pledge, should wear blue ribbons and war pledges on their coats, blouses, dresses, pinafores, and bibs. Some forty millions of blue ribbons! Then every-

body—infants excepted—would be quite certain that the whole nation at last was in earnest, and therefore competent to beat the Germans. Another clergyman, as if eager to caricature his faiths, thinks that his countrymen suffer from "moral and spiritual analgesia"—i.e., a brutal want of right feeling, just because they refuse to be dragooned into the "Down Glasses" zealotry; and he implies that "the rightness of our cause remains unrealised" because Divine justice waits for our national acceptance of teetotalism.

That the abuse of liquor in any place or at any time is a sin against the common good is a principle accepted by every mind that thinks socially; but what man of sense regards the proper use of liquor as wrong and harmful? The Dean of Durham has said, in the most admirable letter we publish this week, that "total abstinence is no part of morality, and certainly has no support in the teaching of Christ or in the practice of the Christian Church". In all human acts and thoughts the essence of virtue is temperance, our avoidance of that excess which makes good things dangerous. Every sane mind should be able to choose between enough and too much; and no man has a right to look upon himself as moral merely because he declines to make use of a good thing which many abuse.

A teetotal campaign, when it is carried on quietly and reasonably, is always approved, for it makes a fine appeal both to those who drink overmuch and also to many temperate persons who wish to influence neighbours by setting an example. But the present campaign has been noisy, vulgar, hypocritical, and unreasonable. Excessive zeal, as usual, has overshot discretion and passed into threats and into hysteria; and the public, as usual, has declined to be hustled and bullied. The "Down Glasses" campaign has failed completely. "The failure may be lamented or it may be approved", says the Dean of Durham. "It cannot be denied."

Among the causes of its failure there is the fact that the English people as a whole have a rooted distrust of teetotal politicians. Those who take the pledge are respected individually, but as a campaigning body they "are too closely associated with all the crank policies which the great war has confuted and exposed". Their boastful propaganda, their harshness and their pharisaism offend ordinary people, and produce either a widespread feeling of resentment or mocking contempt.

Besides, why should good sense believe that a sudden and drastic change in the historic habits of a nation has a place in evolutionary reform? Through all the ages of their history the British people have taken alcoholised drinks; and we believe, as the Dean of Durham believes, that an immense revolution in popular habits, were it attempted to-day, while the public mind is harassed by a great war, would not commend itself generally to reflective men and women. "Efficiency is grievously hindered by excess, but it may be even worse hindered by reforming efforts which disgust the public, and could hardly be fairly assimilated into the national use and wont at so short notice."

Dean Henson believes that artisans would gladly co-operate in a serious effort to reform the conditions under which the trade in alcohol is carried on in this country; but they are not at all likely to accept a compulsive abstinence rather than find their good sense in a voluntary temperance. It is evident to us that two things are essential in this all-important question of drink. One of them is temperate language in the advocacy of reform; and the other is the transformation of public-houses into social clubs. To stand at a bar and drink is unsocial and unwholesome: it is to drink between meals in a hurried manner, and alcohol should be taken only with food. Social clubs where workmen could sit and eat and talk, or play a game of billiards, and be subject to regulations, would be boons everywhere, and particularly in big towns. They would gain a decent etiquette of their own, and the habit of genuine temperance would become as natural in them as it is in West End clubs.

The Dean of Durham says: "The roots of drunkenness lie deep in human nature, and its main encouragements arise from conditions, social and economic, which have long been our bane and shame. To offer total abstinence as a cure for national drunkenness is as reasonable as to offer celibacy as a cure for national impurity." Instead of wild and futile efforts to bully the people, let the whole Drink Question be considered in its relation to our climate, to our national character, to the worst phases of industrialism, and to the conscience and reason of decent citizens.

Also—and this point is forgotten by zealots—the creed of no drink plays a part in our international relations. Recently a Frenchman pointed out that vineyards and wine making in his country are staple industries, and as needful to the national welfare of France as are cotton and wool to the prosperity of Lancashire and Yorkshire. What if England declined to buy the wines of France? Would the French have reason to be pleased? The Dean of Durham says: "Wine comes mostly from our Allies over the Channel, whom few of us would care to injure." To drink a glass of French wine is to help France. Is this temperance to be banned by law or reviled by teetotal enthusiasts?

What we oppose here is the self-glory of a futile campaign. We prefer the active self-control of temperance to the negation of teetotalism; but this preference we show in public only because temperance is denounced as if it did violence to patriotism and to decency. Zealots have no right to defame all the good in their cause, and they do defame it by their habitual extravagance. Much of their talk seems to be tipsy.

#### THE BRUTAL PHILISTINES.

THERE is one school of criticism from which all decent Englishmen should—and will—always shrink, and from which they must dissociate themselves now and for ever: namely, the school of the envious and brutal Philistines who clamour against this Minister because he has been to a Public School or to one of the old Universities, or that Minister because he knows the Classics, cares for the Humanities, has taste and refinement in speech. As soon as graduate in that school of Philistines, Englishmen of sense and judgment would graduate in the school of Fagin. And there is far too much of this talk just now against Mr. A. being no good as a War Minister because he is, let us say, a stylist, or Mr. B. because he is a philosopher. Let us give this talk its right name: it is rotten talk. Cultivation of the mind does not, never has, and never will unfit a man for great public service. If the Lord Derby who translated Homer (as well as went racing) were in the Ministry to-day, the gross Philistines—and the envious little midget minds who have missed, through the ordinary chances of life, the opportunities which that Lord Derby had—would of course sneer that Homer is not war. If Pitt were in the Ministry to-day (he is not there) the Philistines would attribute the failure in the Dardanelles no doubt to the hours Pitt misspent in scholarship at Hayes or elsewhere. "Give us," they would exclaim, "men of action and decision, not philosophers, scholars, Oxford and Cambridge professors! We don't want to have our affairs mismanaged by poets like Derby or prigs like Pitt."

The school that teaches openly or suggests stealthily this doctrine of Philistinism is an entirely rotten school. It is essentially reactionary and rotten; and any quarrel the SATURDAY REVIEW may have with the managers or mismanagers of the war to-day does not, and never will, proceed on those lines. The Philistinism in question springs largely from jealousy, which is one of the meanest and most degrading motives. Pitt, Burke, Canning, Derby, Salisbury, Gladstone; and, in our own day, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Birrell, Lord Robert Cecil—we take these without the smallest partisan bias—will not be accounted the less efficient in public service because they chanced to have



had opportunities in liberal education, or because they had taste or scholarship in various fields. On the contrary, these things the better fitted them for public service, alike in peace and in war. If we are to agree they failed, then the failure must not be insanely or jealously set to their attainments in pure intellect. Rather must we agree in such a case that they failed in spite of such attainments.

The world does appear, in an old phrase of Lord Rosebery's, to be "rattling back into barbarism". Let us do what we can to save something in this horrible descent of man to the Hades which Germany, the brutal criminal, has prepared on earth. Let us acknowledge the noble worth of the "Humanities" in public as well as in private life. The path of the Philistine will never lead us to victory: it leads only to death and damnation.

#### A SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY SUGGESTION.

WE printed last week an appeal of Mr. A. H. Bullen on behalf of the Shakespeare Head Press. For several years Mr. Bullen has directed this Press with regard only to fine craft and scholarship. The Shakespeare Head Press is one of the few places to-day where pride of workmanship and a disinterested "advancement of learning" are alive and well. We quite agree with Mr. Bullen's estimate of the value of the work of the Shakespeare Head Press. More particularly we remember the studies of Mr. W. J. Lawrence to which he refers—a very valuable contribution to dramatic history. It is essential in these times of wholesale literary manufacture that institutions such as this should be kept alive. Otherwise letters must tend to become more and more markedly a trade and less and less an honourable "mystery".

Some will possibly doubt the tact of urging an appeal on behalf of art or scholarship at this particular time. We cannot, these people will say, attend to such things at present. It is not reasonable, they will urge, to ask the public in this time of war, when thousands of men are being killed and maimed and thousands of homes are impoverished and saddened, to talk about fine printing or the elucidation of literary problems. Such talk has a plausible air, especially when it is reinforced by a fine indignation with pedants and sticklers. Such talk, nevertheless, is pernicious. There is neither sense nor patriotism in it. It amounts logically to a declaration that, because England happens to be at war, neither the songs nor thoughts of Englishmen matter at all; that bad or good work is of no consequence; that conscientiousness, disinterestedness, and the recognition of other standards than immediate popularity or profit—the refreshing and sweetening of English minds and hearts—that these things are negligible in a time of hard necessity and discipline; that a hearty barbarism is all that we need expect of the coming generation; that in the iron period of the war and the uneasy days which will surely follow the war we must be content with the higgling of the market in all things. The vulgarity of such a view is probably recognised even by those who shake their heads and look upon it as a necessary evil. It only needs that these people should cease to shake their heads and begin to think and reckon a little. There is really no justification for the silly economy which mechanically cuts off the best and most indispensable things first. Such has not hitherto been the English way. We are reaping to-day in the fine enlightened spirit of our universities and in their splendid services in the war the consequences of having kept in one or two of the older English institutions the spirit which looks beyond the market price of things. To lose this spirit out of our public life would be a national disaster—a disaster which must ensue from the false

thrift which grudges a few hundred pounds a year out of five millions a day on things of the mind.

It will be pleaded that the Government, so lavish in other ways, has set to the public precisely this vulgar example. It has decided to cripple the resources of English music by depriving it on the grounds of economy of a yearly sum equivalent to the price of a single shell. The French, who are the thriftiest people in the world, who really understand thrift, and can distinguish false economy from the true, contemptuously describe this sort of saving as a policy of candle ends. Things of the mind are among the cheapest as well as among the most necessary things in the life of a people. The Government's action in depriving the English Academy of Music of £500 must on no account be allowed to have any influence on private spending.

Things of the mind have never really owed anything to the authorities in England. We do not manage our art and letters in that way. They have to take their chance from private generosity and taste. This act of the Government in the matter of English music must be received, not as a special example to the nation in time of war, but simply as a new episode in an ancient tale. Mr. A. H. Bullen in his appeal for the Shakespeare Head Press says that a similar enterprise at Louvain was subsidised by the Belgian Government; but he is too well-read in English tradition to suggest a following of the Belgian example. He appeals rather to the private person who has the interests of scholarship at heart. The big, ambitious schemes for the tercentenary celebrations this year of Shakespeare's death have been killed by the war, and some less spectacular and less costly means must be found of recording our debt. The subsidising of a Shakespeare press at Stratford—a press devoted to scholarship and to research into the literature of the 16th and 17th centuries—has an undoubted appeal. The idea upon its merits would seem wholly to meet the needs of the time. It deals in small sums and permanent results. It brings together our own generation and the greatest generation in English letters. The idea, moreover, has already a local habitation and a name.

Clearly this is not an inopportune time to appeal on behalf of a fine literary enterprise. It is, on the contrary, more necessary to keep the claims of literature before the public now than ever it was. These things will be utterly forgotten unless those who have them at heart take every possible opportunity of keeping their titles alive and fresh. Unless this is consistently done from time to time, the result of our neglect will come home to our false economists in the spectacle of a nation investing its coin freely upon things flashy and wasteful, which rot the intelligence and give back no enduring comfort or wisdom by way of interest.

#### THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 75) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE DERBY CONSTELLATION.

THE great illusion has at length been dispelled. The rulers of the nation have now realised that war is not a phantom struggle, but a stern reality which demands from the people the utmost that they can give. Faced by bare figures and by solid facts, the Cabinet have become convinced that the proud boast and hope of being able to conquer militarism by means of voluntarism was a chimera—a fanciful conception. The struggle between principles has been hard, prolonged, and, as with all lessons in experience, costly. The first duty of manhood has been acknowledged as being the hall-mark of citizenship. The principle of personal service to the State has been accepted as the binding force of what is due to the land of one's birth. It has taken 17 months of war for our rulers to realise that in spite of all the sacrifices that have been made they stand in an inconclusive military position in many spheres of action. They are farther from a conclusive peace than ever they were. No

paean of victory has yet sounded in their ears. The area of conflict, which has been extended by their own misconduct of war, has involved the country in still further responsibilities which will demand still larger sacrifices. To avoid being beaten in the struggle is not our aim. We have to decide to smash Germany now or never if we wish to escape humiliation and forswear bequeathing the slavery of militarism to generations of our sons to come. Picture a lesson from the past forty-five years of anxiety which our Ally has endured since her great defeat of 1870. All through this period France has been condemned to live under the shadow of a half-drawn enemy sword. Not a decade has passed but that her pride has been more or less gravely insulted. The shimmer of war has never ceased to glint upon her frontiers.

To fight to an end that would be unsatisfactory to our purpose would be a self-inflicted punishment. Peace under existing military conditions would be a crime. Has our democracy and its various institutions with ideas sacred to their inherited beliefs ever realised that if the German Junker party were able now to impose peace upon the Allies, that if they were able to prove that German militarism as they read it had met and defeated all Europe, the triumph would be equally one over democracy and socialism? Would not a new lease of life be given to that militarism, and would not all our sacrifices and sufferings have been in vain? This fight is a fight for freedom and civilisation, and is above all a combat for the rights of the toiler. The worker must take his share in the struggle or be branded for ever as a renegade to his cloth and to his principles. Victory alone can retain for us our world commerce, our industries, and our trade, and victory is only to be won by a contest in the arena of arms. The speedier that a decision is reached the less will be the cost in life and treasure and the quicker will come the return of the nation to normal peace conditions. Germany has taught the Allies that by weight of numbers and by superiority in armament she can achieve success. She stands with her armies well in advance of her frontiers in positions of extraordinary strength. She has gained what she has won only by appalling sacrifice of blood, but she has avoided thereby the imposition of the horrors of war upon her own compatriots. The Allies are seemingly slow to learn that only by superiority in numbers and in armaments can the foe be dislodged from his vantage lines in both West and East. Science at work in the factory and in the foundry promises to achieve its share of the task, but the rest is men's work, and men in their millions, with arms in their hands. To withhold these elements for sure victory on the plea of trade requirements or of trade-union rights is but an indirect means of helping the enemy. That enemy has already designedly created in our nation an army of optimists buoyed up by false hopes invented by him as to his waning power and impending attrition. It is this shrinking from looking at the sacrifices that *must* be made in order to reach triumph that has been our bane for so many months. We need be under no delusion that the ramparts behind which the Teuton now stands will collapse like the walls of Jericho by mere speech outside them. Abuse of the German will not end this war. We have to face our difficulties by means of a full-blooded war policy, and every day that we postpone the effort is turned to profit by an adroit foe. A year ago a German organ summed up the future, "England will never realise until it is too late". The prophecy which at one period portended fulfilment shows signs of proving false. There are indications that the gravity of the situation is dawning upon those responsible for the conduct of the struggle. A definite policy as to the numbers required for the land contest, a figure defined by the Allied War Council, has allotted to each Ally its quota for the purpose. Great Britain, in the proportion of its population, has hitherto taken an unequal burden. The misfortune of under-estimating the gigantic nature of the task to which we were committed in August 1914 led us to believe that the joys of individual freedom need not be sacrificed in order

to attain the national aim of victory. The stress of war and disappointments innumerable have brought us to our senses. Our people have to choose between life either under an iron peace or life under a nation which proposes to control the destiny of other nations, a form of rule which, as the German Chancellor expresses it, purposes to be "the shield of peace and freedom of big and small nations", or they must sacrifice for a time those inherited joys of individual freedom which have given them rights without the responsibilities of duties. The nation has been put to the extreme test of national virtue, and war, the arbiter, has pronounced it wanting in the full spirit of self-sacrifice.

After a stupendous effort of many months to rake in, by browbeating, cajolery and countless undignified methods, sufficient numbers of men for the purpose of undertaking and sustaining war, we have been forced to realise that we have amongst us innumerable feelbings. The driving power of our Secretary of State for War has reached the limit of its persuasive force. Unorganised patriotism has given us an army of a size which two years ago would have been deemed impossible, but months ago it was apparent to the dullest intellect that we were woefully out in our calculations for the numbers forthcoming to sustain our effort. War wastage under the modern conditions of strife is an entirely new study. The magnitude of it comes upon us as a surprise, and, like all matters unexpected, it has found us again unprepared. The immense losses at the first struggle at Ypres in Oct.-Nov., 1914, should have convinced our war directors of the necessity of anticipating either victory or defeat by possessing a reservoir of men that would re-establish numbers in our ranks in a matter of hours and not months. The prospect of inability to refill his cadres would always create hesitation in the mind of a general in modern war as to whether he should commit his forces to a supreme effort or not. It is a grossly unfair position into which to place a leader. Opportunities are thereby lost, never to be regained, and military situations are imposed which are costly beyond measure.

The first symptom of a surrender to the principle of voluntarism was made in August 1915. The half-hearted procedure of the Registration Bill, clinging in its method of working to the spirit of voluntarism as does a drowning man to a straw, was a fitting illustration of the timidity that obtained in the war-directing council of the nation. All honour to the elderly men and women who took upon themselves the duties that should have been carried out by the paid servants of the law. More honour still to the noble peer and Briton who took upon himself to attempt to unravel from the tangled mass of shirkers, hesitators and indispensables a roll of men upon whom we might call if need be. The result has ended in disappointment. The loopholes and boltholes for evasion have multiplied as week has succeeded week. We have discovered a perfect constellation of starved men and a huge army of wilful shirkers. The loose, over-generous method of "starving" will undoubtedly require overhauling. Crowds of men are unwarrantably sheltering themselves behind it in order to avoid military service. The four months that have been expended in the effort to discover where lay the real heart of the nation may cost us dear. The prospect of another winter campaign in 1916-17 and its attendant horrors may have to be faced. If it takes us four months to find out that we were wrong in our conception of a principle, it will certainly take us another four months to rectify it, with all the chatter about war and its demands away from the field of contest that we are permitted to indulge in. The mind of the nation has yet to be focussed to one clear image. Without victory we become slaves to an uncompromising foe without and victims of internecine strife within.

We would do well, should we accept the statement that a displacement of the gear in industry will follow the acceptance of the principle of national service, if we meet the gaps thus caused in industry by a displace-



ment of the army of wasters that has found its way into the voluntarily raised forces. The sooner these thousands of misfits and unfits are relegated whence they came the better for the public purse and the better for the national cause. Without question, in the immense efforts to create numbers of "men with muskets" we are apt to become loose in our tests of the capabilities so essential to a soldier. With the law as the promised recruiting sergeant we can afford to unburden our army of many thousands of weaklings, and thereby free rifles for hands who can use them to some purpose. The Derby scheme will be the cause of a shout of joy in the camps of our armies on foreign soil. True, it is only a beginning—the acceptance of a principle—but it establishes in the ranks of our armies the confidence that with but another step forward the nation will put its back into the struggle and sustain the combat to the end. If worked hereafter on straightforward lines a scientific scheme of enlistment which shall satisfy the national needs for the remainder of the war will alter the whole character of the nation. But there should be a complete understanding that, as the constellation of starred men dwindles in size as the work on munitions overtakes the demand, these able-bodied men thus freed should be called upon to wield the instruments of war at which they have worked and prove themselves worthy comrades in the field of those for whom they have toiled to fight the nation's battles.

### MIDDLE ARTICLES.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

A BARE statement at the outset of this article will help the reader to realise how French literature has been affected by the war. Between July 1914 and January 1915 there was a practically complete standstill in the bookselling trade; between January and December 1915 I find by the "Tablettes Bibliographiques" that eight hundred instead of an average eighteen thousand volumes were published; that is to say, the literary output of France has suffered a depletion of more than nineteen-twentieths, or, to put it differently, about four volumes have come out in 1915 to ninety in the preceding years.

This statement is startling enough, but the reader would be even more surprised if he satisfied himself by glancing at the brief catalogue that a third of the list is made up of pamphlets, while the rest largely consists of reprints, school-books, and practical books of all kinds which nobody notices in ordinary times, but which, being comparatively so numerous, strike one to-day as of absolutely hardy growth.

When the war broke out in August 1914 the publishing season was over. The book trade in France regards the twelve weeks following the middle of July not merely as the "dead season", but as a sort of gap which nobody cares to fill, and the habit of people connected with bookselling, like that of people connected with teaching, is to speak of July in October as "last year". It is superfluous to say that nobody thought during the eventful autumn of 1914 either of writing, or printing, or above all publishing anything. During the last three months of the year the book-shops were a picture of desolation. The two Odéon galleries, which have an undisputed claim to be called the heart of literary Paris, were deserted. One of the two was—still is, in fact—completely abandoned by the familiar bookseller; the other, given up to an elderly one-eyed person and to a boy, was frequented by forlorn men past the military age seeking their old haunt much more from a mechanical impulse than to indulge a definite wish.

Week after week the same volumes would be seen staring at the silent arches: books on tactics and strategy which had been novelties only a few months before and now seemed ages behindhand; books on Alsace-Lorraine; translations from German, nay from Turkish books, on the cover of which a scarlet map

showed the Northern frontier of France pushed down to the Loire; military novels by Psichari, the grandson of Renan killed at the battle of the Marne; patriotic medieval sequences by poor Péguy, also killed at the battle of the Marne; the romances of Barrès; and as a background the standing army of solid works on literature or art, many of which I have seen where they are the last twenty odd years. Of the truly literary book, the novel or poem of which the snob said loudly, with an important air, "C'est une œuvre"; great piles of which rose on the counters as extemporised monuments to fame that would not wait, and before which I remember seeing Huysmans and Rémy de Gourmont standing with a judicial expression on their striking ugly red faces, there was no more question than if they had been fabled memories.

Things are not very different now; there may be a hundred or so *nouveautés* lying there in modest bunches of two or three copies, but until a fortnight ago there was not any which had the slightest pretension to being "*une œuvre*", and the one clerk who has come back from the front never dreamed of telegraphing to you over his ledger that there was something worth looking at in his gallery.

The *nouveautés* are made stale almost on the day of their birth because they are either too like the novelties of two years ago, or because the vicinity of the stupendous drama of which they were born is too much for their feeble life. There are new and excellent works on Germany; but, like the old ones, they are by M. Chuquet, M. Blondel, M. Muret or Abbé Wetterlé; there are analyses of German brutality by such an able man as M. Andler, and proofs of the same by M. Bédier, or M. Nothomb, but who requires a volume to be convinced? Even a narration like "*Dixmude*", by M. le Goffic, a Breton poet who seemed predestined to record the heroism of his countrymen, the *fusilliers marins*, cannot appear so excellent as it will some day long after the peace is concluded, because the *Dixmude* fights were only an episode, and we are all of us actors in the tragedy.

You see respected academical names on a few volumes—the name of Barrès, the names of Lavedan, Richepin, Bazin, Léon Daudet; but when you open the volumes you discover with dismay that they consist of reprints from the dailies, just like those of M. Joseph Reinach or M. Jollivet, and the prospect of reading over again a back number of the "*Echo de Paris*" or of the "*Gaulois*" during the slowest-going war nearly sickens one; even the effusions which M. Romain Rolland sends us from the heights on which he now lives, original as they are, cannot tempt us to do more than think awhile and shrug our shoulders. The thoughts of yesterday are nothing to men whose consuming longing is to get rid of to-day.

A number of private diaries which have been published by M. de Noussanne, M. Laudet, the Abbé Klein, the English governess of the Kronprinz's children, several nurses, several chaplains, interesting as they have been at the time of publication and interesting as they will become again, suffer from the same original fault: notes of that kind cannot have in them more than the facts they record, and those facts have been left behind.

Is there no literature left in France? you will ask. Was there nobody in that country who was so possessed of an artistic inspiration that he could not check its expression? Has there been no fiction, no poetry since the outbreak of the war? Strange as the answer may sound, it is a fact that there has been no artistic life proper in France since July 1914; the atmosphere in towns full of people in mourning and expecting more bereavements, in a country in which everybody awakes with the thought of the German at Noyon, as the phrase now goes, fifty miles from Paris, is too uncongenial. There is no risk in prophesying that the literary production of Great Britain will decrease not in arithmetical but in geometrical proportion with the increase of the British Army. Moral struggles may prepare for artistic beauty; they never see its production. We have had

indeed novels, some of them signed by such well-known writers as M. Bourget, M. de Nion, and M. Abel Hermant; but they are war novels, everlastingly war-recalling things, and they evidently owed their birth to the demand of magazine editors for the work of fiction as indispensable to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" as it is to "Le Petit Parisien". "Le Sens de la Mort", M. Bourget's novel, is sincere and in one way powerful, but its sincerity and power come from the author's patriotism and religious belief more than from a literary inspiration; the situation, that is to say, in M. Bourget's method, the purpose, holds us interested, but we take little or no interest in the characters and skip both from a desire to know the progress of the thesis and from an aversion to hearing dialogues in which we scarcely believe.

Only two exceptions can we point out: two solitary works in seventeen months can be claimed by literature worthy of the name. "Gaspard", a short novel by M. René Benjamin, is a military story, written by a young writer who saw the war, was wounded and came back from the front just in time to secure the Prix Goncourt; but it is not an autobiography, like most other military stories; it is a picture of the war as seen by a person as remote from literary aspirations as a snail vendor in the rue de la Gaité may be. "Corona Benignitatis Anni Tui", by M. Paul Claudel, is a collection of liturgical poems, a serene monument rising like the pillar of light in our darkness, and it may be the author's masterpiece. Both works have a right to serious consideration, and I shall advert to them again in due time.

#### ESSAYS IN IMITATION.

##### III.—THE DAILY M\*IL ("THE PAPER THAT GETS MEN DONE FOR").

THE result of the all-important Cabinet meeting yesterday may be summed up as the triumph of "Enlist the Greybeards First". The cause for which we have fought so bravely, month after month, against the Hide-the-Men Press has been won at last.

It was on 1 April that "The Daily M\*il" opened its campaign by refusing Lord Kitchener's advertisement for unmarried recruits between eighteen and forty. We refused the advertisement, as we then stated, because bachelors of that age are almost without exception potential fathers, and therefore essential to our great nation. Also we understood the inefficiency, the boundless cost, and last, but not least, the inhumanity to spinsters, of taking the unmarried men when Benedicks over the age of forty remained by the million at their jobs, as if their value to the nation's present and future exceeded that of prime bachelors with an inclination to get married. But now, at last, sane methods are to be introduced. The greybeards—that is to say, the men between forty and seventy—have not responded properly to the nation's urgent appeals, so the Prime Minister and the Cabinet are going to fulfil their pledge to the unmarried, who have no wish to die while the ignoble greybeards ask to be fetched. Immediate compulsion is to be applied to these lethargic shirkers.

We never for a moment supposed that the Prime Minister would fail to keep his pledge to the unmarried men. Naturally the Hide-the-Men Press assumed that he would break it, and provided him with ready-made excuses in the belief that he would act on their suggestion. They yearn to send to the battle lines every potential male parent while leaving the old scoundrels over forty at home with the women and children—the same old scoundrels who have been burning the "Times" and "M\*il", the two great patriotic newspapers that get men done for.

It has long been understood in official circles that men of mature age are of great value in modern warfare. Hence officers of high standing are usually veterans whose ages range from forty to seventy. What is good for the higher commands is equally

good for the rank and file—good for them and essential to the State's future. To let the unmarried be slain is to lose a necessary generation. Their main business in a time of war is to get married and to repair the waste of war. After forty they will grow into the honour of active service in the firing lines; but this honour can be granted to them fairly at an earlier date if the veteran army corps fail to crush the enemy. The main point is that our veteran army corps must deplete the country of eugenic fighting material, the middle-aged, and our sturdy, golfing greybeards.

The decision to enforce compulsion on these fathers and grandfathers ought to have been taken a year ago. Twelve months have been wasted in talk, and the result is written in letters of blood and fire in the Balkans. For compulsion was and is the only just, satisfactory and unfailing method of raising large enough numbers of matured Benedicks. Intrepid single men, having no wifely affection to keep them at home, are inhumanly eager to defraud the State's future by going in search of shot and shell. The scandal of the single youth thus hurrying to meet death while married men over forty, with or without a family of eleven, stayed at home to earn high wages, became far too common to be tolerated. But it is a dark lane indeed that has no turning. Compulsion will soon enlist every married man over forty, and the effect of this wise policy will be electrical upon our Allies. Everywhere people will see now that the British nation is determined to make the fullest possible sacrifice in the cause of freedom and eugenics.

This will have a great influence on neutrals, and it will be very depressing to Germany, who has begun to use her greybeards too late, after watching with composure the millionfold slaughter of potential fathers. "The Daily M\*il" has reason to be proud that the most eugenic cry in English history—"Enlist the Greybeards First"—sounded earliest from its columns. When the public, now hoodwinked by the Hide-the-Men Press, understand this they will rise.

##### IV.—THE DAILY N\*WS.

It is believed that yesterday's Cabinet Council, despite the presence of a majority of enlightened Radicals, adopted the Prussian principle of Conscription in order to enforce upon ailing men over forty the insane fanaticism of "The Daily M\*il". Dumbfounding things happen in a time of war, but this acceptance of "The Daily M\*il" as the Cæsar-Cromwell-Napoleon of our time is quintessential lunacy. Never did it seem to us at all possible that an idea advocated by "The Daily M\*il" would be received as anything more serious than a frolic in mad caricature. Even a right principle becomes immoral when it is spouted to the heavens by the Kill-the-Kitchener newspapers.

Parliament has still to speak, and Parliament ought to see clearly that the only persons who are fit to die in our great cause are the virile unmarried, for they alone are strong enough to bear incessant hardships. The eugenic arguments of "The Daily M\*il" are dishonest and sophistical. The young generations are at school and in the cradles: the future is secure if the fit unmarried men do their duty and defeat the criminal barbarism of Prussia. But they must do their duty in a proper manner, refusing to bear Conscription, and flocking to the Flag in a spontaneous rally of aspiring bachelorhood. This alone will hearten our great Allies, and bring despair to our foes, and make a noble impression on the minds of neutrals.

We rejoice to think that our own record is clean. A New Year has come to us through blood and fire. Tremulously we look back to the pre-war epoch. We see a civilisation quiet, graciously industrial, ennobled by goodwill and abundance. Discord then had vanished from the world of civilised man. Truly it seemed to us, and we said so candidly, that neither the Kaiser nor his people aimed at aggression.

But the militarist party were too strong for us; and when the crisis came suddenly our pleadings could not keep pace with the awful hurry of events: vainly we urged that England's duty in 1914 was to keep neutral



and to nourish her aspiring trade and commerce with the fruitful patience of normal industry. But traditions are altered by the tragedy of circumstance. The massacre of Belgium is held by some observers to have made war essential to our national honour, though infinitely abhorrent to the divine conscience of a progressive people. We had grave doubts of this, and expressed these doubts in no uncertain terms; but soon we perceived that Prussian militarism must be crushed in the interests of Perpetual Peace.

Since then we have upheld the sacred principle of voluntary service in the cause of supreme justice; and we have continually resisted the odious propaganda of the "Daily M<sup>il</sup>."

#### ON CLERICAL ERRORS.

THERE is a true story of a famous horse-dealer in the South who, shown up over some new and ingenious act of roguery, exclaimed plaintively, "I call it 'ard lines, Sir, I can't ever do anything wrong without being found out". There are days and weeks when papers can never slip over some fact, some fact which is in black and white in dictionaries and reference books, and especially quotation books—those abominations of desolation which ought to be all burnt in public by the literary hangman—"without being found out". No daily paper, no weekly review, for example, ever made or ever will make a mistake about some character or event, however trifling, in Dickens without being found out. Hackneyed old quotations, stereotypes, wretched clichés, from certain poets or from certain politicians—if incorrect in some trifling matter, or if attributed to the wrong person—are sure to be found out. It was not Russell, it was Palmerston, who said so and so; or it was not Gladstone who *first* said "a leap in the dark", but Shelburne or Grenville or Gambetta. "To-morrow to fresh", etc.—print that as it is usually printed and a little sheaf of letters will certainly come in next day, or the day after, showing you have been found out. Sometimes the corrector is at the trouble of writing an anonymous letter, gently "scoring off" the paper or writer; though that is not the usual way.

Yet—barring Dickens, fresh fields, and the leap in the dark type of political saying—there are also days and weeks when the world of readers generally seem to combine to keep an icy silence over the writer's or the paper's, or somebody to do with the paper's, slips, no matter how obvious or droll they may be. If the date of the Norman Conquest as 1866 instead of 1066 gets into print somehow—and that is not the most obvious kind—it may draw a dozen excited or surprised correctors one week; whereas next week, or the week before, it might pass without the slightest remark. It may be that the weather has something to do with accelerating or retarding corrections and the process of being found out. Daily papers certainly have black periods at times in being found out. A newspaper king—this is quite true and within the writer's experience—came down to his office one day incensed: he said, "I am tired of seeing, lately, day after day in the — 'By a clerical error' or by 'a printer's error' the date so and so was inadvertently printed yesterday so and so". And he went on to give this order: "No correction is to be made in the paper during the next three months".

Papers, then, have their black periods when they cannot do wrong without being found out; when no slip or absurd error escapes the eye of the vigilant corrector. But how comes it that they have periods when such errors are observed, or at any rate censored, by nobody? There is no doubt there are days or weeks when a paper might almost safely state that Clive decisively defeated Napoleon at the battle of Marathon without its being found out; when 1832 would do for the landing of the Conqueror. There are times when a Latin word might be made to include a w, or when the Greek  $\sigma$  might be made to end a Greek word, such as  $\mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\acute{o}\nu\chi\omicron\varsigma$  instead of  $\mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\acute{o}\phi\upsilon\chi\omicron\varsigma$ , and yet, unlike

the horse-dealer, one would not be found out; and when—but there is no need to multiply instances. The point is that in some states of the weather or moods of the public, for a mysterious reason, every "clerical slip" is brutally—or kindly—exposed; whilst in others, none. But how or why?

#### THE KAISER TO HIS HEROIC SERBIANS.

(See his recent alleged edict.)

MY Serbians! for I call you mine,  
Lest e'er by doubts attacked  
Your blinded intellects decline  
To grasp th' unlooked-for fact—  
My heroes! fugitive but dear!  
O tell me why you show  
This unintelligible fear  
Of him who loves you so!

Observe your miserable plight,  
Your slaughtered thousands see:  
Such is the fate of those who quite  
Fail to appreciate me—  
Me, who in pure affection strove  
To work your common good—  
Me, who by mere paternal love  
Was forced to shed your blood!

Yet bend your erring footsteps home:  
Whate'er th' attempted sin,  
The penitent who turns therefrom  
Forgiveness still may win.  
There's none so deaf to Reason's call  
But comes at length to learn—  
I simply *can't* have killed you all—  
My prodigals, return!

O chase anxieties afar,  
And calm your timorous souls:  
Be mine once more—as Belgians are,  
As Belgians are, and Poles—  
Live as they live, in peaceful bliss,  
Beneath my fostering reign:  
Or, if you won't, be sure of this—  
I'll shed your blood again!

A. D. G.

#### PRIVATE OPINIONS:

II.—WHAT WILL EMERGE FROM THE CAULDRON?

BY DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

THE New Year has dawned blood-red—the shepherd's warning. Lucky for mankind that our orb labours round the dominant sun in 365 days or so, and does not go straight ahead "on its own", for in that case there would be no seasons and no new years, and a man asked his age would have to answer in days or months. It is still luckier for us that the earth is not a bigger, more circuitous planet, inhabiting which we should be elderly before our first birthday, or one that revolved so slowly on its axis that the return of customary morn would be a weekly or fortnightly affair. I suppose we should then have to dawdle for hours over meals, a two-hundred-minute sermon would seem a few words, and a bank holiday become a long vacation. How we should long for "the sweet approach of even or morn". Old Leisure and Elizabeth's spacious times would seem a hustle by comparison. But, mercifully, it is arranged otherwise. And so, when January speaks to us of the two-faced god—Janus bifrons—we turn our eyes to the future rather than the past, and trust that somehow, with spring and summer, the haggish nightmare of 1915 will roll away and the world breathe once again.

Private opinions, I suppose, are the ones that are not expressed in public, and was there ever a time when a greater gulf existed between "what everyone is saying", or subconsciously thinking, and the "public

opinion" of the newspapers? The newspapers try to make us believe that seventy millions of Germans are being driven helpless into cataclysmic strife by a bureaucratic clique of Prussian, sabre-clanking Junkers—who now take the place in Mr. Lloyd George's speeches of English, Scotch, and Irish dukes—whereas we all know really that the sabre-clanking clique is a marvellously united Germany. The preachers of press and pulpit say that we have gone to war to put down the drill-sergeant spirit, but the drill-sergeant spirit is exactly what a *nation boutiquière* needs more of—the spirit of discipline and duty, of patriotic ideals and of willingness to obey and to endure hardness. In the worst days of modern France the barracks was a redeeming institution, and the recruit found there a wholesomer atmosphere than outside. If we could be guaranteed against war, it would still be worth a nation's while to spend a hundred millions a year on soldiering and sailing; and, though it is absurd to talk as though every man who comes through this furnace of war returns a saint, yet the millions who have fought for the flag will be in the future the leaven of the whole land. They will not expect to come back only to find an unchanged Britain—the old party seesaw, the old strikes and lockouts, the old race for money and amusement, the old competitive struggle as of vipers in a jar. Some thoughtful persons fear a general reaction hereafter from the long and awful strain in the direction of frivolity. But, if so, the check upon it will come from the new "militarism", the spirit of the old Roman centurion in our midst. It is not militarism but bellicosity that is brutal and hateful. Who so pacifist as the dog in the manger, who only asks to be left alone? Mr. Ford, we hear, has changed his mind about Hohenzollernism and the German masses, and holds now that the war has been the fruit of popular Teutonic passion. It is the *Achivi* quite as much as the *reges* who *delirant*. But their hatred of ourselves has nothing to do with their being trained soldiers. Modern historians aver that the old Achæans besieged Troy, not for the *beaux yeux* of Fair Helen, though that excuse may have served sufficiently, but to capture the Black Sea trade. And there have been few wars since the world began which were not waged for markets or for territory. The present case is that of a self-made man conscious of his own energy, his toilsome rise and large ambitions, and jealous of what he considers the undeserved advantages in life of some rather self-indulgent heir of an ancient patrimony. They must be wrested from him. On the other side, Milton makes Mammon the champion of ignoble peace. Dollars make wars amiss and hinder wars amiss. Just now the newspapers are saying polite things about the United States, but "private opinion" is frankly one of contempt. If America is England's daughter, the latter is surely saying to herself, like the blundering actor in "King Lear": "How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child". Mr. Wilson may soon find that Opportunity and her forelock have passed out of reach. *Fronte gerit crinem, post est Occasio calva*. The same is true of our own Government, which lingers shivering on the brink of national service and fears to launch away. Only with it what deters is not the cost, but a fundamental of Liberalism—the principle of voluntarism.

I submit that we on the other side should not be too hard on Liberals clinging to the last vestige of an ideal, to the last rags and tatters of the fine robe in which they were once proudly wrapped. Only is there anything left at all—I speak politically—of Liberal principles? It may save the face of Liberalism to except husbands and fathers from compulsion, though men have fought best for wife and offspring:

"Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands.  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next, like fire, he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

But Liberals must surely perceive that they have evacuated all their hardly won positions. It is true that, even in the last few years, they have humiliated the Crown, have hamstringed the House of Lords, and despoiled the oldest institution in this island, the Church of St. David. But one by one their principles have been surrendered to Socialism, and now the war has passed a steam-roller over their entire fabric of individualism and personal autonomy. The Government has taken into its own hands and custody the whole life of the citizen, and authority will not be easily dislodged when the war is over. Every institution is in the melting-pot. A Liberal Administration has established a seemingly permanent Embassy at the Vatican. The House of Commons, now an assembly of salaried employees, has no more power than the Roman Senate under the Cæsars, and votes a thousand millions at the nod of a Minister. It used to be said that you might spout as much treason as you liked in Hyde Park, but must not injure the grass or shrubs. It would not be safe to spout much of anything to-day, and the figures of Nelson, Napier, Gordon, and other *magnanimi heroes* no longer gaze down wonderingly on a Trafalgar Square mob. Even the penny-fied Jupiter of the Press has been prosecuted by the Government. People talk to one another in corners about a Dictator, and the Minister of Munitions's admirers have perhaps a vision of him as another Yuan Shih Kai, subscribing Imperator after his name.

Seriously, all this is not very wholesome, but we can never return to the platform of that obsolete Liberalism for which the "Times" seems to think we are fighting. Socialism has no serious intellectual movement behind it, for, having cast away all mystical and religious sanctions of life, it can never show what right fifty-one people, calling themselves the community, have to dragoon forty-nine. "Our glorious Constitution" of Whig admiration is defunct. Yet there are historic elements in the life of the country round which the nation may gather—the ancient Throne restored to its necessary authority if it is to be anything more than a helpless figurehead; the aristocracy, which has come so well out of the present agony of strife, and which has far the greatest price to pay when conscription comes; the Universities, which have drained themselves for England; the saner Press and the disciplined manhood of the nation which will emerge. I say nothing of the Church. Only, has our land, outside the fighting class and the mourners who go about the streets, yet known the purifying flame, the sacrament of suffering? Think of what countries have endured, and are enduring, where, close behind the red horse of invasion, has followed the black horse of famine and want. Half the population of this country is more prosperous than it has ever been. It is slow to learn the truth of Adam Smith's saying: "Defence is of much more importance than opulence". God alone knows what is in front of us. The English genius is a makeshift one. John Bull is a bad starter, though a good finisher. Yet the hare cannot be sure of always waking in time to win the race. It may oversleep itself.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DRINK QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Deanery, Durham.

New Year's Day.

SIR,—New Year's Day lends itself to reflection and review. As I yield myself to the twofold process, I find myself arrested by a fact which is perhaps worthy of some public notice; I mean the strangely complete failure of the attempt to hustle the nation into total abstinence. About the fact there can be no question.

No stone has been left unturned to secure success. All the old weapons of the total abstinens have been employed, and some new ones have been introduced. The King's example and the Primate's advocacy have been pressed on the public with a persistency which has become monotonous, while appeals of every kind



and degree of cogency (argumentative, impassioned, sarcastic, pathetic, threatening) have poured forth in a continual stream from Bishops, Nonconformist ministers, politicians, college dons, soldiers, journalists, and others of all sorts and conditions. And the net result of all this effort and fervour is practically nothing at all. The failure may be lamented, or it may be approved. It cannot be denied. I suggest that it may be worth while to consider its real significance.

We may at once reject the explanation suggested by the Rev. E. A. Burroughs. To his mind the nation presents a colossal example of "moral and spiritual analgesia"—that is, brutal stupidity, a beast-like lack of right feeling. This hardly seems either modest or charitable, for, when all is said, total abstinence is no part of morality, and certainly has no support either in the teaching of Christ or in the practice of the Christian Church. But Mr. Burroughs attaches to it an awful importance. Its absence stands between the British nation and the Divine Blessing:—

"Events and Providence have done what they could to open our eyes; but still our most valuable asset—the rightness of our cause—remains unrealised, because we refuse the righteous God to Whom we appeal the needed conditions for defending the right."

I am not sure that I understand this language, but taken in its context it appears to mean that the action of Divine Justice is dependent on our acceptance of total abstinence.

The Bishop of London cannot believe that the nation is really in earnest about the war unless it abjures alcohol from the Throne to the nursery:—

"I think the sight of 40,000,000 war pledges worn by those whom they know would rather have died than worn anything approaching a blue ribbon before the war might convince them more than anything else that the whole nation was in earnest at last."

The spectacle would, indeed, be very impressive from many points of view.

The failure, then, being admitted, and not explicable either by the analgesia or the lack of earnestness of the nation as a whole, what may be its true reason? I think the answer may be returned under three heads.

(1) English people as a whole have a rooted distrust of total abstainers as politicians. Individual total abstainers are respected and trusted, but as a body total abstainers are too closely associated with all the crank policies which the Great War has confuted and exposed. As often as not the advocacy of total abstinence has gone along with other and even less reasonable projects, and it has always been pressed with a harshness and Pharisaism which have deeply offended ordinary people. So far from assisting the nation as a whole to appreciate the urgent need of private economy, I believe total abstainers by their activity and eagerness have rather had an opposite effect, just because their advocacy of anything is discounted in advance.

(2) The proposal to attempt a sudden and drastic change in the national habits at a time when the country is committed to a desperate conflict does not commend itself universally or even generally to considering citizens. Efficiency is grievously hindered by excess, but it may be even worse hindered by reforming efforts which disgust the public, and could hardly be fairly assimilated into the national use and wont at so short notice. There is a time for all things. It seems very doubtful whether an immense revolution in popular habits should be attempted when the public mind is obsessed with a great war.

(3) There is very widely distributed resentment against the methods of the agitation for total abstinence. The comparative silence of objectors reflects rather their respect for His Majesty, whose name has been so widely introduced, than any real acquiescence. I do not perceive anywhere any reluctance to admit the need for special and drastic restrictions of the traffic in alcohol, for the extraordinary circumstances which the war created have made it evident that such were necessary. I do not find any unwillingness among artisans to admit the enormous mischiefs of drunken-

ness. They would gladly co-operate, I believe, in a serious effort to reform the conditions under which the trade in alcohol is carried on in this country; but they are not total abstainers, and are never likely to become such. They are influenced in part by sympathy with the members of the trade in liquor, whose claims are so easily dismissed by those in whose eyes the trade itself is a pernicious thing which should be stamped out without delay. They are not impressed by the exaggerated language in which the effects of total abstinence are described. Great as is the expenditure on alcohol, they fail to see that such economies as are possible by private abstinence could really have any decisive influence on a war expenditure which runs into thousands of millions. They point out that both the whisky of the north and the beer of the south are domestic manufactures, the consumption of which does not come within the argument against buying imports. The only part of the total consumption of alcohol which comes within that argument is the consumption of wine, and wine comes mostly from our Allies over the Channel, whom few of us would care to injure. Finally, they resent the interference in their private concerns. Private retrenchment is a plain duty, but its manner is a personal concern. Public taxation, direct and indirect, may be trusted to compel many economies. By what right is one particular expenditure, as legitimate as any other, singled out for public obloquy, and denounced as if it violated both patriotism and morality?

Such, so far as I can discover, is the general mind of the public, and, if I have appraised it rightly, it would perhaps be worth their while if total abstainers would take it into consideration, and in the New Year so far revise their methods of appeal and agitation as to conciliate the conscience and reason of citizens, who are just as patriotic as themselves, who are quite as well informed as to the gravity of inveterate intemperance, and quite as self-sacrificing as their censorious critics.

Drunkenness is the enemy, not that reasonable and moderate consumption of alcohol which has ever formed the habit of self-respecting men as a whole in these latitudes, and probably always will. Drunkenness is the enemy, against which the undivided force of self-respecting men should be directed. The roots of drunkenness lie deep in human nature, and its main encouragements arise from conditions, social and economic, which have long been our bane and shame. To offer total abstinence as a cure for national drunkenness is as reasonable as to offer celibacy as a cure for national impurity. In both cases you escape an immediate risk by ensuring a future disaster. Instead of these impetuous and demonstrably futile attempts to make English people total abstainers, I would plead for a considered and reasonable effort to encourage and assist moderate drinking, the habit of that genuine temperance which is both a natural virtue and a Christian tradition.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
H. HENSLEY HENSON.

#### AMERICA AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Cloister House, Gloucester.

SIR,—Let me respond in the most cordial fashion to Mr. Louis Evan Shipman's letter. Englishmen have never been tempted to doubt that the spirit displayed by men like Mr. Shipman exists in America, or to forget that it is the brightest feature in the whole unhappy situation. On the other hand, men like Mr. Shipman would be the first to acknowledge that the English have not been lacking in self-restraint in their criticisms upon the American point of view. There have been exceptions on both sides of the water. My letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW, which Mr. Shipman kindly calls "admirable and courteous", has elicited letters of angry abuse from "friendly" Americans who resent criticism of themselves in any form. Similar evidence may be offered in America in an obverse

direction. But these facts do not detract from the usefulness of the Americans and the British trying to understand the respective points of view of one another.

Let me assure Mr. Shipman, so far as I am concerned, that I do realise the peculiar position the President of the United States occupies. I also realise the extent to which Presidential administration can act without much regard to public opinion. But, and this was a marked point in my letter, Americans themselves know that there comes a breaking-point of Presidential autocracy. Let public opinion be deeply moved, and it will sweep the President and his Administration in the way desired by the people. There have been many expressions of friendship from individual Americans. Some newspapers, particularly the "New York Herald", have never wavered in upholding an ideal of Justice and Honour. Senator Lodge, so I gather from a letter in the "Morning Post" to-day, has made a spirited address in Congress, condemning the moral tragedy of President Wilson's policy. But there has been no sign of a big popular wave of feeling so far, and it is not clear to all if such a wave should come that it would set in the way desired by Mr. Shipman and myself. What must Englishmen make for instance of the unanimous resolution recently passed by the Democratic National Committee in "favour of the re-nomination and re-election of President Wilson as the trusted leader of national democracy"? In asking this question I am not so foolish as to ignore the existence of the Republican party. If Mr. Shipman can supply the SATURDAY REVIEW with evidence that the Republicans have taken obverse action to the Democrats upon the issue at stake no one will welcome the evidence more than I should do.

It would also relieve our anxiety if Mr. Shipman could show us evidence that there is a deep stirring of public opinion in America upon the obvious bearing of the huge army and navy vote upon the future relationships with this country. Granted that the Americans believe that war is a cruel and foolish way of settling international disputes. Granted that they hope and believe the Allies will win, and they are backed by the friendship of the United States, why does a President so devoted to peace as President Wilson support, with the apparent approval of the American people, an enormous naval and military vote—a vote which will make American militarism a danger to the future peace of the world? I have never disputed the right of America to do this, even though as a man of peace I may deplore as retrograde any action that seems likely to overshadow the future of the world by the figure of another Frankenstein similar to that made in a German workshop. I write as a man closely connected by blood and friendship with individual Americans, and it will be a bitter disappointment, not only to me, but to all who have regarded the United States as the home of freedom, if the clouds of war mass blackly there when they have faded from Europe. Those who require more evidence in point cannot do better than study Professor Usher's work, "Pan-Americanism". In reading Mr. Shipman's letter, let me confess that I have wondered whether he had read my letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW, or whether he had seen only some excerpts which I understand were cabled to America. My main point was that our good friends in America were in danger of misleading themselves and us as to the real American point of view. In the face of proof such as comes not solely from official sources it seems to me impossible to doubt that the angles from which America and the Allies regard the action of the President and the official attitude of the United States towards this war are essentially different. The Americans have a perfect right to their point of view, but they must expect that it may be a point of view which causes great anxiety in England. Friendship, after all, if it is to be worth anything, must be proved by more than words.

I am, Sir,

GEORGE H. FRODSHAM, Bishop.

## THE LION AND THE ASS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

December 1915.

SIR,—Sixty years ago von Moltke said of the British, that they were "*Löwen von Eseln geführt*", and it is a strange coincidence that Carlyle should have pronounced almost the identically similar opinion about the House of Commons to Lord Wolseley shortly before the death of the great cynic and philosopher. I leave it to you to judge as to the continuity of the description.

Nothing in the world ever surpassed the heroic bravery and devotion of our soldiers and sailors, both British and Colonial, and they make us proud to be able to say that we belong to the British Empire. On the contrary, our politicians and diplomatists make us blush with shame and fill our enemies and Allies with derision and contempt. Diplomacy, like all other subtle and experimental processes, requires fine handling and courage; the value of it can only be judged by results, and these have been uniformly disastrous to ourselves and a joy and satisfaction to the Kaiser and Germany generally. In 1912 Lord Haldane, the most unjustly abused and ill-treated member of the late Government, after his visit to Berlin is said to have warned his colleagues of the coming danger, but apparently the latter were so afraid of the people, that they did not warn the nation, nor did they make the smallest preparation to meet the storm which was to burst upon us. Had it not been for the magnificent quality of our soldiers and sailors, had it not been for the heroism of our tiny expeditionary force and the skill of Sir John French, Smith-Dorrien and Haig, who were sent out to face hundreds of thousands of the first line of German troops, Paris would have fallen and Germany triumphed, because she would have gained the first step in her long-incubated plot to gain *Weltmacht* and to destroy the British Empire. We are going to win this war in spite of the politicians—our sea power is throttling the German monster, as it did Napoleon. In the campaign of brag and mendacity now more than ever rife in Germany, those that brag about their triumphs omit to mention the silent, magnificent British Fleet, which has swept their flag from the surface of the deep, spoilt all their markets, and shut up their navy and mercantile fleet. Hampered our Fleet's action may have been by those sickening hypocrisies, the Hague Convention and Declaration of London, politically prevented from seizing all goods meant for Germany in neutral ships, contraband or not—which is war and not "flapdoodle" sentiment, so dear to our politicians. Yet our Navy has done marvels, as it ever has done and will do: it has saved the Empire. Immediately war was declared on Germany, it was manifest to every person, possessing common sense and power of reckoning numbers, that to fight successfully a powerful nation in arms, conscription was absolutely essential for us, and that in no other way could the adequate numbers be forthcoming to maintain a huge army in the field and make good the formidable wastage, which amounts to considerably over cent. per cent. per annum of the force in the field. This great wastage is due in a great measure to the Gallipoli fiasco, and conscription, which might possibly have been avoided had we confined our operations to the West and to the defence of our Empire, has become through the action of the Government, which plunged us into enormously extended operations, an urgent necessity now, if we are to win this war. We want no Prussian system, under which officers become brutes and men slaves; we want a truly democratic system like that of France, and it is a gross insult to our splendid Allies to talk of conscription as some of the anti-conscriptionists do, as well as the poisonous peace-at-all-price apostles and the so-called religious objectors, who veil their terror of fighting under the hypocritical garb of religion.



There is one politician who has stood forward prominently and magnificently in the light, he has risen superior to party and politics. Many have objected to some of his past measures and have had keen suspicion that he was a revolutionist. Now he is trusted by the people, the Army and Navy, and he is the only leading politician, who is trusted and is not suspected of wobble. His action has been risky to himself, but he knows no fear, and has exposed the dangerous shortage of munitions which threatened to lose us the war, though the supply was positively stated by the Prime Minister, speaking on the authority of somebody unknown, to be ample!

The man is Mr. Lloyd George, and the hour has come to place things in the hands of the ablest and strongest man, one might say almost the only strong politician, except Sir Edward Carson, that the war has produced. He, the true democrat, sees that to save the Empire, the country requires every man to do his duty, and must be made to do it if necessary.

Your obedient servant,  
ALFRED TURNER.

#### PATRIOTISM AND HIGH WAGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely the by no means infrequent ascription of purely patriotic motives to those of our war-workers who are receiving such wages as they never received before, or ever dreamt of receiving when war broke out, is little calculated to assist them in realising the serious nature of the economic duties which, in common with other citizens, they owe to the State!

The nation has been officially informed that it is having to pay three times the normal rates for some of its military essentials; and it is now common knowledge that unskilled men are receiving, in some cases after very little training, from three to four pounds a week, while skilled men command double those rates for a week of seventy hours. These things make one wonder how the prices paid for identical operations, on practically identical pieces, compare in England and France. Are munition workers across the Channel reaping such a harvest as they undoubtedly are reaping here? And if not, why this premium on our industrial war-work? One can well understand the exorbitant cost of war material obtained from America: patriotism not entering into the matter there, it is simply a question of making hay while the sun shines. But here, with our existence as a free Empire literally at stake, and so pledged to our Allies that the strictest economy on the part of the entire community is absolutely essential if we are to attain the mastery, other and far loftier considerations might be expected to rule. Has it been left for this period of strangely commingled prosperity and strain to falsify the old proverb that we cannot "make the best of both worlds"—cannot be both self-indulgent and self-sacrificing at the same time? Not in reality; for industry, no matter how strenuous, which is promptly paid for to the full in hard cash does not prove a man a patriot, in the true sense of the word—the sense implying sacrifice.

The women and children and old men of France, turning for pure love of country to such heavy labours as Mr. H. Prevost Battersby described so vividly in the "Morning Post" a month ago, are patriots worthy the name; and France in this respect by no means stands alone. That our own civilian population is capable of equal sacrifice is absolutely certain. It is no less certain that the majority of our high-wage earners have not yet given adequate evidence of such capacity. How can the spirit of disinterested sacrifice be expected to flourish when increase of wages, far in excess of all-round increase in cost of living, has been obtainable almost for the asking? It is beyond the power of any Government to make the nation realise, under such circumstances, the grave need for economy, for retrenchment, for denying ourselves in every form of luxury. To those who are having the "time of their lives" financially counsels

of this kind may well fall upon deaf ears: it is inevitable, so long as they continue to be lauded as exemplary patriots.

Only when this well-meaning but unfortunate flattery gives place to firm insistence on the fact that every penny of super-normal earnings will have to be painfully accounted for and refunded by their less fortunate fellows, if not by themselves, in the lean years to come, can those who are reaping this unprecedented harvest be expected to show that sense of stewardship which is of the very essence of true patriotism. To attribute so noble a quality to any individual, or group of individuals, guilty of deliberately raising the standard of living at such an hour as this is, in effect, to encourage the continuance of an economic crime!

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
"REALIST."

#### THE IMPERIAL MARITIME LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2, Westminster Palace Gardens,  
Victoria Street, Westminster,  
London, S.W.

SIR,—The Imperial Maritime League, having finished their recruiting campaign, which has proved so successful, propose in 1916 to continue their efforts to secure the support of the Empire to their Declaration against a premature and inconclusive peace.

They therefore desire to rivet public attention on the necessity of a Free Navy for the purpose of resuming our full maritime rights, and of a continuous and relentless Anti-German policy both at home and abroad.

Yours faithfully,  
WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE,  
President.

#### THE PREMIERSHIP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood,  
Woodham, Woking,

1 January 1916.

SIR,—Your special article on "Mr. Lloyd George and the Premiership" must have been read with great interest by the much-talked-of "plain man in the street", and even to the "plain woman in the drawing-room" the desirability of some change in the Premiership seems to be obvious; and as one of these—keenly aware as I am that one should not meddle in "matters that are too high" for one—I venture to suggest that the following quotation from Masillon's "Oraison Funèbre de Monsieur le Dauphin" seems to fit very aptly one of those men who in the present crisis loom large in the public eye as possible leaders:

"Profond dans ses vues; habile à former des ligues et à réunir les esprits . . . à craindre dans le secret du Cabinet . . . un ennemi . . . capable d'imaginer de grandes choses et de les exécuter; un de ces génies qui semblent être nés pour mouvoir à leur gré les peuples et les souverains—un grand homme."

Capable d'imaginer de grandes choses et de les exécuter—are not these, Sir, the very qualities that we need at this crisis?

Yours faithfully,  
BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

#### CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bexhill, 2 January 1916.

SIR,—As one of those who have recently come round to the view that, in the circumstances, compulsory military service is necessary, I am amazed by your assertion that such a view shows "a lack of principle". Our principle or feeling is this—that the War Office must have the men it wants. No doubt many of us have been slow to give up our former opinions. But now at least nearly everybody has, like Alice, dropped the baby which has obviously become a pig.

I feel convinced that the reason why your party failed to convert the nation before the war was that we had in our mind's eye the picture of a (possible) war simply between England and Germany. The National Service people rather encouraged that impression by talking mainly, if not entirely, about the "duty of defending your home". Quite: but we did not believe a vast army was necessary for the purpose. And, indeed, it seems that if we wanted compulsion only for home defence it had better be a "compulsory air service".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN OCCASIONAL READER.

#### THE NELSON TOUCH IN DIPLOMACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,

1 January 1916.

SIR,—Not a single critic, friendly or hostile, would care to maintain to-day that the diplomacy of the Allies has been of a high order within the last few months. To put it mildly, the "Nelson touch" has been rather conspicuous by its absence in high politics so far as this country at all events is concerned. It looks as if a brave attempt had been made to act up to the injunction of a certain verse in the Bible, of which a rather hazy recollection had been harboured in the mind. This verse mentions doves and serpents. Our diplomats, with the best intention, mixed up serpents and adders, and brought out a new version: "Be ye innocent as doves and deaf as adders." It must be admitted that adders are serpents, but I don't think it necessarily follows that serpents are adders; at all events, the verse, to the best of my recollection, does not mention adders, but merely says: "Wise as serpents." To make certain, a Junior Clerk at the F.O. might look up the text.

While we have been innocent as doves, the Germans have been wise as serpents. Small wonder, then, that the country longs for the "Nelson touch" in diplomacy. What precisely the Nelson touch is composed of would perhaps puzzle the majority beyond the resolute conviction that it spells success and victory. Inasmuch as these qualities have not been prominent of late in our diplomacy, the Nelson touch can be said to have been lacking. While the Nelson touch is by no means an easy thing to acquire, there is no harm in showing as plainly as possible what it is and what is the chief ingredient in its making. The wisdom of the serpent may be beyond us, but we can guard against the deafness of the adder.

In a work written by Dr. Herbert Mayo over sixty years ago two anecdotes of Nelson are given, which throw the required light upon the "Nelson touch":

"I will cite two anecdotes of Lord Nelson told by the late Sir Thomas Hardy to the late Admiral the Hon. G. Dundas, from whom I heard them. Captain Hardy was present as Nelson gave directions to the commander of a frigate to make sail with all speed, to go to a certain harbour and there await Lord Nelson's coming. After the commander had left the cabin, Nelson said to Hardy: 'He will go to the West Indies; he will see the French; he will go to the harbour I have directed him to; but he will not wait for me—he will sail for England.' The commander did so. . . . Shortly before the battle of Trafalgar an English frigate was in advance looking out for the enemy: her place in the offing was hardly discernible. Of a sudden Nelson said to Hardy, with whom he was pacing the deck of the 'Victory', 'The "Celeste" (or whatever the frigate's name was) sees the French.' Hardy had nothing to say on the matter. 'She sees the French; she'll fire a gun.' Within a little the boom of the signal-gun was heard."

That is the secret of the "Nelson touch"—insight, intuition carried to a much higher level than ordinary. All commanders and leaders of the first rank have possessed it to a marked extent, notably Hannibal, who owed his marvellous success to the penetrating insight into the characters and plans of the commanders opposed to him. So far as sheer pluck, determination, and force of will are concerned, there is very little difference between a Blücher and a Napoleon. What makes the enormous difference is

intuition, or the faculty of seeing or sensing with a more subtle vision what goes on the other side of a blank wall.

This is what the British Government has been painfully lacking in during the last few years in diplomacy. It is no exaggeration to say that they have been deaf as adders to the sounds of the coming struggle. They helplessly hold up their hands in deprecation of any hostile intent against Germany, pleading that they were innocent as doves. That is all that Lord Haldane's excuses amount to when he confesses that his visits to Germany made him uneasy. That did not prevent him from ridiculing as much as he could the great efforts of Lord Roberts, whose insight made him feel the coming danger and warn his country to guard against it. Lord Haldane wants to educate the people of this country to a higher level of intelligence. That is all right, provided we have a clear idea of the meaning and aim of education, which can only have one grand end—to enable us to distinguish between the Nelson touch, which spells success, and the Haldane touch, which spells disaster.

The first thing to be done is to inculcate the value of insight and character rather than encourage a dull uniformity of words to be paraded in season and out of season by the professed politician with an eye always on the polling-booth. It is only in politics and diplomacy that the Nelson touch is lacking in this country. This is the muddy fountain-head which must be cleared before the stream of national life will become pellucid. This, and this alone, is to blame for the grievous errors committed during the conduct of the great war. The men have been magnificent on land and sea, the Navy has triumphantly vindicated the Nelson touch (that is sufficient praise), the Army has proved itself worthy of the past, the Empire has shown itself sound to the core. One thing has been wanting—the Nelson touch at the top.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

#### THE SCULPTURES IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

December 1915.

SIR,—These reliefs have been the subject of much controversy; but surely Mr. Collins Baker does but further confuse matters in his elaborate attempt to separate idea from expression; the two are inseparably joined and must be judged together.

Your contributor criticises very severely what he imagines is the sculptor's approach to his task, and one might think that an outrageous posturing in borrowed style had been exhibited in a sacred building. Emphatically this is not so. Eric Gill is a skilled stone-carver with a mind acutely attentive to those fundamental origins of sculptural art which are persistently ignored by the majority of his contemporaries in this country. He has approached his subject with sincerity, and has been moved to re-present the story of the Cross in terms of his delight in design and chisel-cutting.

The stations are in no way out of place, and though they may not possess the spiritual ecstasy of a Meštrović, they do possess qualities for which we have looked in vain for so long, and for many of us to whom the Cathedral building itself is full of wonder the carving of Eric Gill is an added joy. Moreover, it marks, with the work of one or two others, the beginning, let us hope, of a virile school of British sculpture. It has no affinity at all with such wildly experimental work as that of Boccioni and other moderns of incoherent expression with which at times it seems to be superficially judged by those who seem unable to attempt any really constructive study of modern art from a standpoint European rather than insular.

The authorities are waking to the increased interest in modern sculpture, and there is to be seen at present at the Victoria and Albert Museum work by Rodin, Meštrović and Gaudier-Brzeska: perhaps some enthusiast will present or lend a work by Eric Gill.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.



## REVIEWS.

## MODERNITY'S ANCIENT GERMANS.

"Before, During, and After 1914." By Anton Nyström. Translated by H. G. de Walterstorff. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

HERE is another book on the real causes of 1914-1916. It is written by a distinguished Swede, it is translated by a devotee, and the introduction by Dr. Edmund Gosse could not be improved.

Though a spate of lying propaganda has flowed steadily from Berlin into Sweden, yet a good many writers of note, and four or five newspapers, have told so much truth about the war that Sweden as a whole is not pro-German. The truth-tellers include Professor N. Edén, Professor Ernst Wigforss, Herr C. N. Carleson, Herr Karl Staaf, Herr Hjalmar Branting, leader of the Social Democratic Party, and Dr. Anton Nyström, now a veteran of seventy-four, with a long record of fame in medicine, in sociology, in political history, and as a loyal interpreter of Auguste Comte. No man of our time has had a more active mind than that of Dr. Nyström; and none has written with equal scope and force on a vast range of subjects. After full reflection, Dr. Nyström has written unhesitatingly in favour of the Entente Allies; and here, no doubt, as Dr. Gosse says, "is a matter of sincere pleasure to all patriotic Englishmen".

It is not Dr. Nyström's fault that he has little to say that is new to a reviewer. Many have written on his present subject, and each of them has forestalled him in some way or other. But his book has a character of its own; it covers a wider territory than any other single work; and in times far-off it finds roots of present-day events. Dr. Nyström travels through the ages in order to write his paragraphs; and the more he has meditated on the war and its multifarious *causæ remotæ* and *causæ proximæ* the more clearly he has made real to himself the fact that the primary causes must be followed through German history from the earliest times to our own days.

For example, the transformation of Prussia into a military State, with its effects on the Prussian character after the Dano-German War of 1864, after the German War of 1866, and after the downfall of France in 1870, attracts so much attention from most students that other events of equal importance remain obscure. The social ups and downs of Germany in all these changes and crises must be studied with the greatest care if the inner motive-powers behind movements in military greed and aspiration are to be understood. There is the fierce barbarity that Germans renewed in the seventeenth century, when the Thirty Years War, with its ferocity and its disease and famine, took two-thirds of their population. In the Middle Ages also Germanism was often bestial and treacherous; and Dr. Nyström sends his mind back to the first appearance of the Germanic tribes in the tragedy of mankind, and their early migrations and ravages.

This elaborate scheme is developed and brought to completion, always with impartial care, and as briefly as possible. On many points we cannot agree with Dr. Nyström, whose candour in the study of facts is burdened too often with the prepossessions of dogmatic dreams. Dr. Nyström begins his book with some aphorisms on war and on military history. Yet somehow, like many a predecessor, he forgets to say what he means by war. His first paragraph runs thus:

"War is appropriate only in primitive stages of [social] development, or when civilised States have to deal with uncivilised peoples . . . whose barbaric acts compel war in the name of civilisation, or as a means of defence against aggression. Amongst civilised nations war is otherwise devoid of all sense."

There is no need for England to import these dogmatisms, which belong to the routine of pacifism, and which signify nothing at all until we know how a writer defines "War" and what he means by "Civilisation".

German tactics and strategy in "peaceful" penetration were phases of war, often treacherous, and always more profitable to Germany than entrenched battles have been. And Dr. Nyström would do well to note that British strikes since 1914 have added war to war on several occasions.

Most English readers will skip the pacifism in this book, and will give their attention to the historic facts and their interpretation. Here they will find a harvest of fruitful things. The chapter on Racialism, its defects and its dangers, ought to be read side by side with Professor Ripley's "The Races of Europe". Several later chapters should be compared with "The Evolution of Prussia", by J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson, particularly in the verdicts passed on Bismarck and on Frederick the Great. "No durable peace can be expected as long as the Bismarck cult endures in Germany", says Dr. Nyström. Quite true, but let us never forget that Bismarck was Prussia. The Bismarck cult was not invented by Bismarck, as Dr. Nyström believes; it came to him from the Prussian people, from their historic growth and from their aspirations. Hence it will last until the Prussians evolve other aspirations; and this evolution will need a marked change in their national character. Those who look forward to radical changes in a nation's inherited ways of life and thought are likely to be disappointed.

Familiar remarks are made on the increase of militarism in Europe; but armament became dangerous not because it spread, but because it spread unequally, upsetting the balance of power in favour of Austro-German aims, so that Lord Roberts desired to add an essential counterpoise. It was pacifism, partly in France, partly in the British Isles, that inflated the aggressive pride of Germany. Armament is nothing more than a life insurance when it covers no more than a nation's safety; it is a curse when it does either less or more, for the less invites aggression and the more is likely to become predatory. And these are not the only historic truisms that most pacifists forget. There is another as important: that any militant State with a large population and a thriving commerce can force the rest of Europe either into armament or into a war against fearful odds. Nations have to choose between equal armament and complete disarmament. There is no compromise of safety.

Dr. Nyström regards the German birth-rate as a very grave menace. We agree, but some of his arguments devour each other. Though he says that German colonies before the war, occupying no fewer than 2,658,548 square kilometres, contained only 24,389 Germans, yet he adds: "Whatever the upshot of the war Germany must be allowed to retain her colonies—for her own benefit and for the salvation of other nations from fresh wars to which otherwise the preposterous rate of reproduction in Germany must give rise". As German colonies have never attracted the surplus millions of the German population their restoration to Germany would be nothing less than the payment to her of a gratuitous war indemnity. How would this aid the pacifism of Dr. Nyström?

The present rate of increase among the German people is 860,000 per annum. Ten years hence, if the birth-rate does not fall considerably, there will be a population of about 75 millions; and it will be about 83 millions in 1936. Either emigration on a large scale or a great drop in the birth-rate will be necessary to the social ease and contentment. "If these ends are not achieved", says Dr. Nyström, "there will be no peace in Europe. . . . A fresh war cannot fail to follow in a not very distant future, perhaps in a decade, for the over-crowded country will then have many millions of unemployed, destitute and famished inhabitants who must in one way or other be provided for."

Still, wars always have come from some cause or other. Idealists, with their dreams and with their pleading fears, have never put tranquillity into the tide of human affairs. To win the present war, and never again to be caught napping: these are the main things that concern the Entente Allies.

## THE BALKAN FOX.

"The Aspirations of Bulgaria." By "Balkanicus." Simpkin. 2s. 6d.

HERE, at last, is a very definite and salutary correction of the many false ideas concerning the Bulgarians which lately were spread about by the retainers and admirers of King Ferdinand. This book should have appeared earlier in the war. In the light of what has just occurred in the Balkans, it has ceased to be as necessary or as striking as it would have been six months ago. The British public is now enlightened as to the Bulgarians by events which have touched them very nearly, whereas six months ago both the public and the Government of Great Britain were still clinging to amiable delusions and trying to think well—to think extravagantly too well—of the Bulgarian nation and King. At that time this book, with its documents and proofs of the base conduct of the Bulgarians in June 1913—conduct which surpasses in treachery and cynicism the worst suspicions of those who followed at all closely the events which led up to the second Balkan War—would have done much to stiffen public opinion against allowing Bulgaria to mobilise in security and peace against our heroic and faithful Ally. Unfortunately, the whole trend of our policy at that time was towards a presumable faith in Bulgaria's promises and engagements; so that, at the last, Serbia, with a far more accurate knowledge of Bulgaria's plans and temper, was compelled to remain inactive and watch the Bulgarian army, ostensibly preparing to preserve the neutrality of Bulgaria, actually mobilising for the invasion of Serbian territory and the destruction of the Serbian people. All through the fatal weeks in which Bulgaria was concerting with the Central Powers a great attack upon Serbia we were busy finding excuses for Bulgaria as a hardly-used and justly-resentful people, dangerous, if dangerous at all, mainly owing to a headstrong temper and a stalwart unruliness. Bulgaria, indeed, was not known to the British public. A Bulgarian legend built about the central figure of a robust nation of honest and sturdy peasants, of sensitive patriots incapable of plausible oratory or intrigue, had got itself circulated and believed. It would even seem that this legend interfered a little with the clear sight of the British Government.

How has this legend of Bulgaria arisen? In the British public it is mainly the result of ignorance. The facts were not known—more especially the facts as to 1913. A close narrative of the events of 1913, week by week, with all their accusing dates set forth as a witness against the double dealing of the Bulgarian Government and Army, has not hitherto been accessible for general study and reflection. Here, at last, this narrative is supplied to us by "Balkanicus"—a narrative which, by its unemotional and cool display of the dates and orders pertinent to the base intrigues of the decisive weeks leading up to the attack of 16 June, rouses the reader to a passionate anger. The person who can read this record—a record presented almost without comment and entirely without abuse—and remain unmoved has lost the capacity for disinterested indignation. The British public has thought of the attack by Bulgaria upon her allies in 1913 as an act of rashness and imprudence, jumped upon the country by a Cabinet which took advantage of a national state of nerves. Nothing could be less like the truth. The Bulgarians are the last people in the world to get into a state of nerves. Their conduct shows them to be as methodical, as worldly, as calculating, and as materialist in their reckonings as the Central Powers they serve. The second Balkan War was arranged in Vienna. The Turkish Empire was to be "liquidated" behind the backs of the allied Balkan nations in the interest of Bulgaria and the German push towards Bagdad. The Bulgarians throughout 1913 were dealing falsely with their allies, with Russia and England, and with their enemies, the Turks.

These facts have never been so clearly stated and proved as in this book of "Balkanicus". They have, of course, been suspected by most close observers of

Balkan affairs and known in all the chancelleries. But here we come upon that perilous distinction of which too many public men are fond—between the Government and the people. When first the war broke out there was an attempt to make this distinction between the German Government and the German people. The attempt soon broke down, because in practice it was found that so long as the German Government governed Germany we should have to fight Germany. Nevertheless this distinction springs up again in the case of Bulgaria and in the case of Greece. Bulgaria may be trusted: only King Ferdinand need be feared. The Greeks are on the side of the Allies: only King Constantine is neutral. This sort of reasoning is fatal in war and diplomacy, which hardly ever need to look beyond the authorities who claim to speak for their people. In practical politics it was Germany which went to war with us in August 1914, and it was Bulgaria who in 1913 stabbed and stabbed again at her friends and showed to the world that she was not on any account to be trusted beyond the call of her own interests and of her close, clear league with the Central Powers.

The question still remains: Why has Bulgaria always been trusted beyond her merits? Partly it is due to the cool cunning of her directors, who turned always a frank and affable face to the world, were ever kind and hospitable to newspaper correspondents and foreign visitors, could alone speak English with the English, and covered many of their close designs under a national bluntness of manner. Cool and alert, the Bulgarian managers could play upon sentimental committees and put an accessible and apparently civilised face upon her aspirations. The extent to which Bulgaria was committed to the lead of Germany and inspired from Vienna was never realised so fully as it might have been. It was one of those disturbing and unpleasant facts which are resented because they are dangerous, and instinctively put out of mind because they are resented. The Allies, with all the evidence before them, have hoped against hope for Bulgaria; and their hopes were in their final career unreasonable and fatally indulged against the earnest recommendations of the Serbian Government. There was from the first only one reasonable hope concerning Bulgaria. A moderate military success of the Allies in the Near East would have kept her neutral; and a decisive success in the Near East would have turned her against her confederates in Berlin and Vienna. These things are realised clearly enough to-day. Meantime Serbia has been obliterated; and "Balkanicus" must be content to know that the truth he is helping to spread concerning King Ferdinand and his assistants will contribute to steel the Allied nations against any further trust in the Bulgarian Government. King Ferdinand has committed his people to a political career for which they will have to be held responsible in the settlement.

## HOW TO UNDERSTAND PICTURES.

"The Appeal of the Picture: An Examination of the Principles in Picture-Making." By Frederick Colin Tilney. With many Illustrations and Diagrams. Dent. 6s. net.

THIS thoughtful book ought to succeed, because Mr. Tilney makes his appeal to "sanguine scholars of the art school", and to "students of pictorial photography". As he knows them intimately, after fifteen years of personal experience, he does well to train the pupils that he knows rather than write for indefinite somebodies who may perhaps take a fancy to his published convictions.

In twenty-three chapters he sets thought astir in the young on a great many useful and necessary things, producing, not a grammar of assent, but a grammar of evolutionary change. The most inestimable things in painting are above and beyond analysis, like the gestation that precedes birth, or like other mysteries of life. All that can be said in words about tone, colour, composition, realism, idealism, romance, mood and feeling, technical inspiration, quality, por-



traiture, and what not besides—all that can be said in words about these topics leaves the intuitions of genius unexplained and unexplainable.

Mr. Tilney is more careful than are many writers and speakers on art, but he forgets pretty often the principal utility of art-criticism. A critic's highest aim is to interpret what the best men have done, to identify himself with their greatness, and to be to it as a spiritual gramophone. Mr. Tilney's manner of expression does not change when he writes about the great masters; he speaks always as Mr. Tilney, and not as Mr. Tilney Rubens, or Mr. Tilney Turner, or Mr. Tilney Titian, and so forth. Art-criticism at its best is a protean dramatisation. The spirit of a great painter or sculptor enters a man fit to translate it into written speech. But no man is fit to interpret many different geniuses: his receptivity has well-defined limits, and for this reason he should write only about those men and movements that he absorbs. He must be drenched with their spirit before he tries to be their literary plagiarist or spokesman.

Mr. Tilney has too many names in some pages. A universal friend to art is likely to be a foe to his best aims. We understand why Mr. Tilney as a teacher rambles far and wide with his pupils, who want to take a glance at many painters; but a writer who not only loves to explain, but who has the gift of art-teaching, is so valuable to the public that he should not pass in two pages through Dürer and Holbein to Hals, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Dou, Sargent, Whistler, and Mr. G. A. Storey. Criticism is not a Cook's tourist, and Mr. Storey does not expect to be placed near Velasquez and Rembrandt and immortality.

Here and there Mr. Tilney makes an attack, and in this he is entirely right, for a book without an attack in it sends the mind to sleep. What Stevenson called "a thunderclap of contradiction" is one of the finest tonics in the world: as good as boxing—and sometimes as painful. A talk between Mr. Tilney and a post-impressionist would be brisk enough, for he speaks of post-impressionism as a past generation spoke of Manet, of Monet, of Degas, and also of J. F. Millet. Not all pictures by the post-impressionists are "vulgar trivialities", but to believe so is to provoke storms in some circles.

Again, Mr. Tilney believes that "newness and freshness are not in themselves æsthetic principles"; and that "they cannot last". Yet the newness and freshness of the truly great are contemporaries with each new year. Rembrandt was too new and too fresh for most of his contemporaries; he came out of the dark to a conventional world, and lived most gloriously after he was dead, like every other supreme master. Mr. Tilney asks: "How can we best teach students to work upon impulses from within and not from without?" Impulses from within discover their own work, and impulses from without cannot be avoided, because they emanate from all the current influences of a changing social life. What Mr. Tilney has in mind is really a different question: Can modernity be saved from its morbid self-consciousness?

#### MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW STORY.

"Eltham House." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cassell. 6s.

IN drawing inspiration for her book from the case of Lord and Lady Holland and in setting out with the avowed purpose of instituting comparisons between life now and then, Mrs. Humphry Ward has gone far to vitiate the true functions of the novel. Only her skill, her humanity, her intense interest in her characters have saved "Eltham House" from being the novel with a purpose. They have not entirely saved it. The first half of the book bears witness to the cramped conditions self-imposed by the author. It is artificial, academic, and aloof. It is an essay in novel-writing. The characters move and talk and have their being at the will of the writer. They have no interest in life. They are out to make points or to

demonstrate views. It is only when Mrs. Humphry Ward throws her model to the winds and tells her own tale that her characters engross. "Eltham House" is Holland House over again, with a few minute differences. Like Lord Holland, Alec Wing, heir to the peerage and immense wealth of his father, Lord Wing, runs away with another man's wife. After the divorce he marries her and brings her to Eltham House with the object of making for himself a political career and rehabilitating himself and his wife in the eyes of that Society whose laws they have flouted.

But he had to find that things have changed during the last hundred years. Aristocracy stands not where it did. Lord Holland could do in the early days of the nineteenth century what was not permitted to Lord Wing in the twentieth. Lord Holland suffered practically no disabilities, political or social, from his action in running away with Sir Godfrey Webster's wife. He was and remained the Whig Party in the House of Lords. He was included in the Whig Ministry, and he went to Court as and when he pleased.

But this was not because views on the marital ties and marital relationships were lax. It was simply and solely because Lord Holland was Lord Holland. Lady Holland took her revenge on Society by the establishment of the most famous salon of the day, where all the great men of the earth gathered. In this, too, Lady Wing followed her model. She had her salon wherein she scintillated, but when it came to the point of a political career for her husband and his inclusion in the Ministry Lord Wing found the door locked against him. "Now why should this be?" Mrs. Ward's story seems to ask. Is it that we have grown more moral, or more hypocritical, or is it that we are more afraid?

There have been several forces at work besides the decline of aristocracy, to which reference has been made. Granted that Lord Wing was not a Holland. He had neither his personality nor his force. He rushed his fences and attempted to break down all barriers by sheer weight of wealth and position. But there were other factors against him. Since Lord Holland's day we have yielded to the Nonconformist Conscience—a by no means negligible quantity in the modern political world, responsible for the rendering of more than one promising career. Then there has been the Feminist movement, which demands that the man who transgresses the social law shall take his share of the penalties. With these forces arrayed against him Lord Wing found himself powerless, even in these days when money is supposed to be all-powerful.

Into the rights and wrongs of the particular case we do not propose to follow the author. As she herself points out, politics are not concerned, generally speaking, with a man's love affairs till they come into court. Then they become political material. And surely on general grounds it is reasonable that a man who essays to hold a public position must be ready to be judged by the public laws.

But interesting as are these speculations, it is not in them that the main interest of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel lies. Her story stands or falls by the character of Caroline Wing. She is a really beautiful and vivid creation. She moves on a spacious stage, and the tragedy and pathos of her life are only heightened by the splendour of her surroundings. She staked her all upon love and lost; and the things that console other women could bring no consolation to her. While love lasted nothing else mattered. And it was the irony of her position that she should be regarded by many as the daring rebel who had ventured to defy convention. Rebel by nature she was not, but only by accident. Like any other weak woman of strong emotions she had been conquered by a great passion, which gave her for a time great happiness. But there was that in her all the while—inherited forces, compensations, and traditions—which steadily reappeared as life went on. The chapters that deal with the child of her first marriage, whom she is only allowed to see at rare

intervals, are amongst the most poignant in modern fiction. They are alive with acute feeling. In comparison with her the other characters in the book are but as pale shadows, although many of the minor personages are skilfully limned. The book has many delicate touches, and is written with dignity and distinction. And Mrs. Humphry Ward still ministers to our joy in apt classical allusion.

### ONCE A MONTH.

The "Nineteenth Century" this month prints two articles upon the useful limits of political criticism and the strength, or we should perhaps say the weakness, of the Government. The root question as to the Government and its critics is asked in the title of Mr. George A. B. Dewar's "Where is the Alternative?" The writer has no doubt of the ills we have; but asks us to pause, hesitate, and think a little ere we fly to others which we know not of. The present Government has never been robust; but it more or less stops a gap and keeps off the deluge. Mr. Dewar examines the practical alternatives—dictatorship, a Tory administration, etc.—but concludes that they are not practical. The weakness of the Government he ascribes chiefly to: (1) the difficulties of coalescing, especially in view of the attitude of parties outside the Government which have refused to do so; (2) the absence of "primitive mortal needs" to make us all one, as France and Belgium are all one; (3) the gross size and variegation of the Cabinet; (4) the absence of a strong and overmastering will in any one member. On the whole we must be content to wait. Mr. Dewar does, however, point out that several men of power and principle have not yet been drawn upon except for quite subsidiary purposes. There are Lord Curzon, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Newton, Lord Milner, and Lord Derby—Lord Derby being the chief discovery of the war. The companion article upon the Government is written by Mr. D. C. Lathbury. While deprecating the attack of Lord Milner upon the Foreign Office, he curiously omits to notice the really mischievous attack of Lord St. Davids on the Headquarters Staff. On the other hand, Mr. Lathbury thinks that the Minister of Munitions has escaped his fair share of criticism. The ablest portion of his article is given to a consideration of the weaknesses of the Munitions Act. Other articles immediately bearing on the war are Dr. Shadwell's "Only Way to Lasting Peace" (no use parleying with the Germany of to-day: we must break up her iron front); Mr. John Hilton's "Germany's Food Problem"; Mr. Robert Machray's "Sacrifice of Serbia"; and the Viscountess Wolsley's "Women's Work on the Land".

The "Fortnightly" is excellent this month, not in war articles only, but in other subjects that touch the nation's past. Mr. A. A. Baumann has a paper on the cynicism of Dr. Johnson: a paper full of weight and originality; Walter Sichel does justice to Byron as war poet; an interesting attempt is made by Walter Crotch to connect Dickens with the war; and Arthur Waugh, writing with sympathy and candour, disconnects the living part of Stephen Phillips's work from the later and stillborn portions, which the poet's bad health killed. "Anatole France as Saviour of Society", by J. H. Harley, is another article that appeals to readers who do not expect a monthly review to be as full of the war as are the daily papers. H. J. Jennings is a good critic of the new Drink Regulations, and Dr. E. J. Dillon studies "Our Nearest and Dearest Enemies", finding them in "our effete system of governance, with its roots in a dead past and its blighting shadow flung across the present and future of the nation". Charles Dawbarn enters the Cabinet of M. Briand and examines its problems; Geoffrey Pyke associates Denmark with the war in order to show what part in it she might be called upon to play; and Francis Gribble writes entertainingly of his Ruhlben experiences. The other articles are all good.

The "National Review" prints in full the account of the battle of Champagne by the French Headquarters Staff. This is one of those acts of generous courtesy by which alliances are made and strengthened. There is too little appreciation of the magnitude and significance of the French offensive in October last. This was a "profound moral and material blow" for the enemy, who was compelled to abandon a front of 25 kilometres three or four kilometres deep, a region scientifically fortified; and to leave behind masses of material, prisoners and guns. The editor naturally refers in his notes to the part played by the "National" in the late Reichstag debate, and he writes with care and penetration of Germany's present position. There is also an amusingly unkind article by "Exsul" showing us a day in the life of a Cabinet Minister.

"Blackwood's Magazine" has reopened the diary of "Junior Sub"; but his pages pale this month beside the story of a gas-pipe officer. Here we have a document of the battle in which the Germans let drive their gas upon the French, who had to

retreat and leave the Canadian left in the air. The gas-pipe officer, being employed to ascertain what was happening, was in the thick of the whole affair and ended up with a "cushy" wound. This diarist writes with great frankness. He is never a looking-glass soldier, but shares with us his fears and his impulses to be prudent as readily as he tells the simple truth of his career. There is also in "Blackwood's" this month a most vivid and clear description of the French 75's—one of the most carefully finished weapons in the modern battlefield.

The "Cornhill" issues the first instalment of Charles Kingsley's unfinished novel, "The Tutor's Story", which was discovered, revised, and brought to completion by "Lucas Malet", his daughter. Dr. Fitchett takes for his subject a curious love-story in Wellington's life, giving extracts from letters. "A Benevolent Neutral", by "Boyd Cable", seems to have nothing to do with the realities of modernised neutrality; but in all other respects it is an excellent paper. Also we like much Miss Edith Sellers' portrait of Montenegro, and Sir Algernon West's portrait of Lord Welby. "An Angler's Dilemma" is a breezy talk with Sir Herbert Maxwell.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Andler, Chas., "Frightfulness" in Theory and Practice. Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Baxter, J. P., The Greatest of Literary Problems. Constable; U.S.A.: Houghton Mifflin. 2ls. net.  
 Dillon, E. J., From the Triple to the Quadruple Alliance. Hodder. 5s. net.  
 Easall, E. W., The Coming Scrap of Paper. Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Jastrow, M., The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria. Lippincott. 25s. net.  
 Knowles, R. G., A Modern Columbus. Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Kunz, G. F., The Magic of Jewels and Charms. Lippincott. 2ls. net.  
 Masters, E. L., Spoon River Anthology. Laurie. 6s. net.  
 West, J., G. K. Chesterton. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Wharton, A. H., English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans. Lippincott. 8s. 6d. net.

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